Germany Re-enters the Arena

May 16, 1968 35¢

CAN WE BELIEVE THE POLLSTERS?

THE REPORTER

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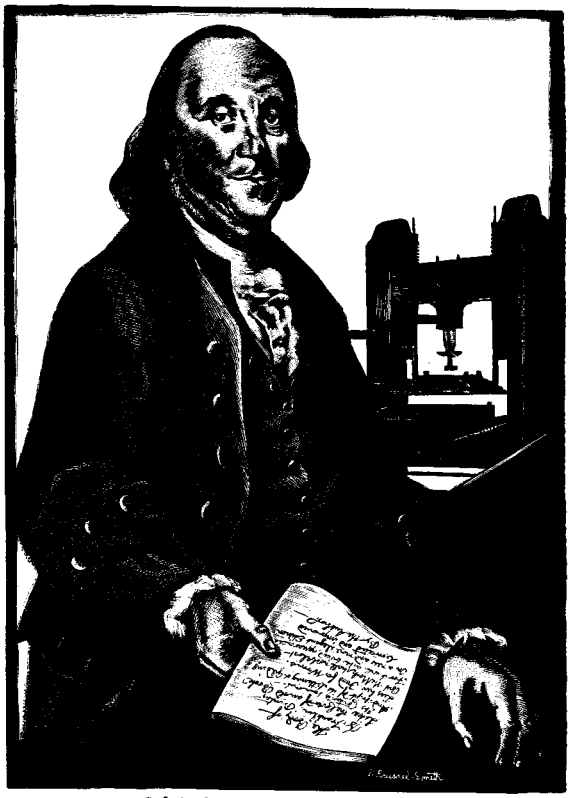
"I have not yet, indeed, thought of a remedy for luxury... BENJAMIN FRANKLIN



Original wood engraving by Bernard Brussel-Smith

"I am not sure that in a great state it is *capable of a remedy;* nor that the evil is in itself always so great as it is represented.

"Suppose we include in the definition of luxury all *unnecessary expense*, and then let us consider whether laws to prevent such expense are possible to be executed in a great country, and whether, if they could be executed, our people generally would be happier, *or even richer*.

"Is not the hope of being one day able to purchase and enjoy luxuries, a great spur to labour and industry?

"May not luxury, therefore, produce more than it consumes, if, without such a spur, people would be, as they are naturally enough inclined to be, lazy and indolent? *To this purpose I remember a circumstance.*

> "The skipper of a shallop, employed between Cape May and Philadelphia, had done us some small service, for which he refused to be paid. My wife, understanding that he had a daughter, sent her a present of a new-fashioned cap.
>
> "*Three years after,* this skipper being at my house with an old farmer of Cape May, his passenger, he mentioned the cap, and how much his daughter had been pleased with it.
>
> " 'But' (said he) 'it proved a dear cap to our congregation.'
>
> "How so?"
>
> " 'When my daughter appeared with it at meeting, it was so much admired, that all the girls resolved to get such caps from Philadelphia, and my wife and I computed that the whole could not have cost *less than a hundred pounds.*'
>
> " 'True', (said the farmer) 'but you do not tell all the story. I think the cap was nevertheless an advantage to us; for it was the first thing that put our girls upon knitting worsted mittens for sale at Philadelphia, that they might have wherewithal to buy caps and ribbons there; *and you know that the industry has continued*, and is likely to continue and increase to a much greater value, and answer better purposes.'
>
> "Upon the whole, I was more reconciled to this little piece of luxury, since not only the girls were made happier by having fine caps, but the Philadelphians by the supply of warm mittens."

"Poor Richard" put his finger on this simple key to an expanding economy over 200 years ago. So, isn't it strange to find people—well-meaning people—in this country today who still frown on the luxuries most of us work to enjoy? They want the government to restrict the broad range of products and services in the marketplace. And to cut back on advertising because it makes people want things they don't need.

Don't need? Well, of course, no little girl *needs* a bow in her hair. Yet, Mary Murphy will forever top off the apple of her eye with a ribbon. And where would the ribbon factories be without her? And the ribbon clerks?

It is just this very human desire to add the little frills to our living that has created our jobs and our prosperity . . . the ribbon factories and automobile factories and television factories . . . and the most dynamic economy in man's history. Shouldn't we be careful about how we tinker with the forces that have created all this? Because the simple, troubling truth is, nobody knows for sure how far you can regulate our economy without damaging it.

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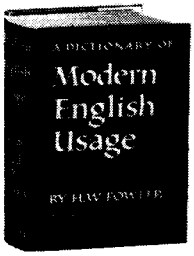

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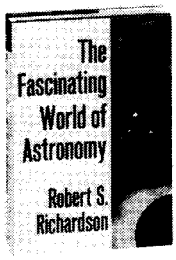

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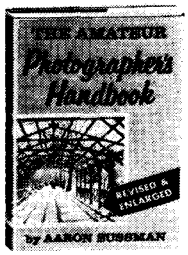

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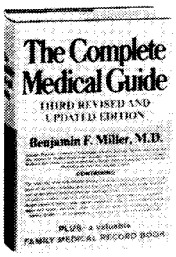

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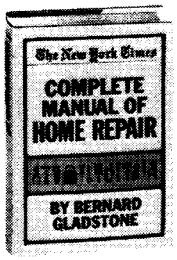

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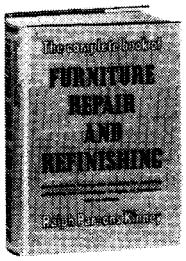

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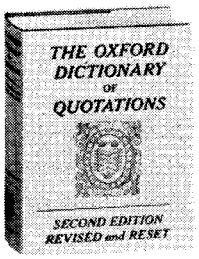

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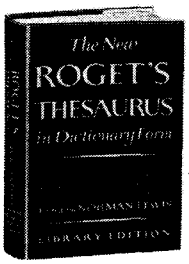

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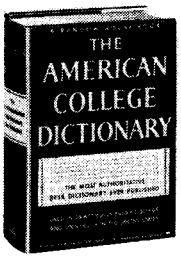

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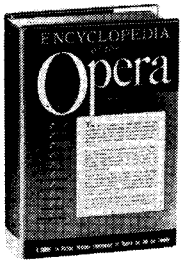

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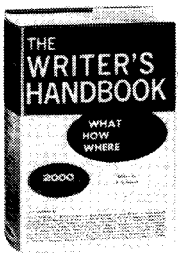

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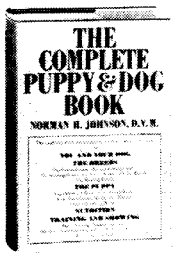

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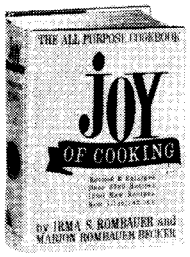

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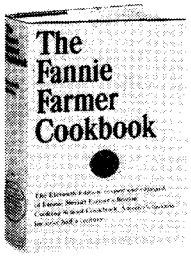

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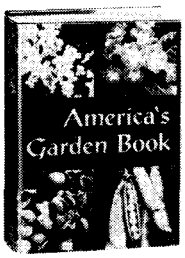

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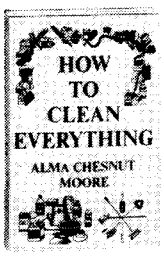

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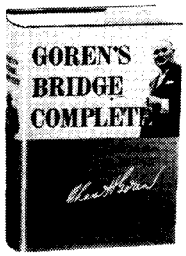

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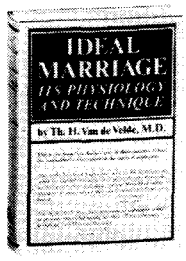

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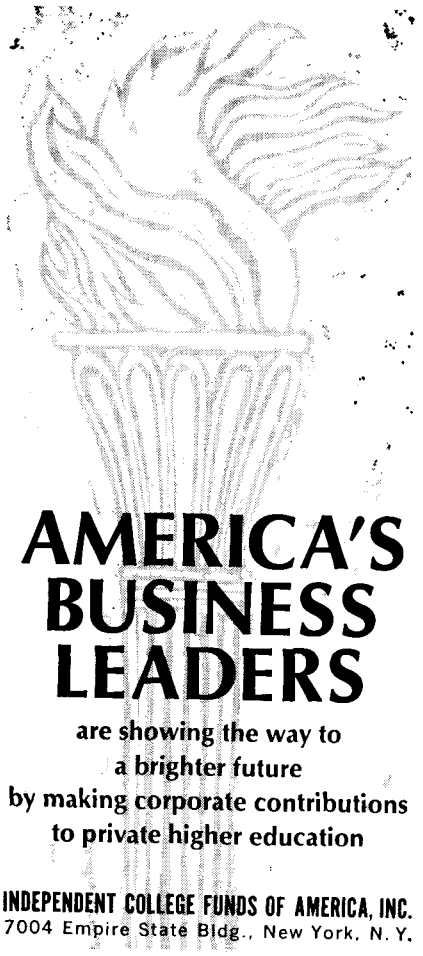

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES 5

ON LYNDON JOHNSON—AN EDITORIAL . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 8

Between East and West

GERMANY RE-ENTERS THE ARENA . . . . . *Kurt Birrenbach* 9

At Home & Abroad

CAN WE BELIEVE THE POLLSTERS? . . . . . *Jules Witcover* 14

CANADA'S CRISIS OF IDENTITY . . . . . *Edmond Taylor* 17

THE MILITANT MOOD IN NEGRO COLLEGES . . . . . *Jack Bass and Paul Clancy* 21

DYNAMICS OF VIOLENCE IN THE MIDDLE EAST . . . . . *Gil Carl AlRoy* 23

RATS, PEOPLE, AND POLITICS . . . . . *Thomas R. Brooks* 26

Views & Reviews

EMMA BRADY'S DREAM (SHORT STORY) . . . . . *James T. McCartin* 28

CLASSY STUFF . . . . . *Andrew M. Greeley* 33

THREE POEMS . . . . . *Norman Jackson* 35

Books:

HEART-RENDERING . . . . . *Marcus Klein* 36

THROWING STONES . . . . . *Anne Fremantle* 39

THE REPORTER PUZZLE . . . . . *Inside Back Cover*

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

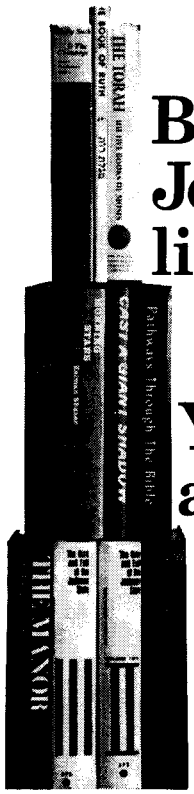
SINCE Lyndon Johnson became President of the United States, **Max Ascoli** has been a constant supporter of his policies, particularly the most controversial one, in Vietnam. To be sure, he regularly exercised his right of criticism, while maintaining a fundamental confidence in the President's wisdom. This confidence, as his May 2 editorial implied and the present one formally states, is gone.

IN THE CONTEXT of the East-West confrontation, Europe has undergone profound changes since the end of the Stalin era. In the West there has been the trend toward integration in the Common Market and other organizations, accompanied and somewhat offset by the estrangement of France with its effect on NATO. In the East the rise of national Communism has weakened Soviet hegemony. But at the center the intractable problem of divided Germany still remains. **Kurt Birrenbach,** a member of the Bundestag and chairman of the Policy Committee of the Atlantic Institute in Paris, examines the German question against the background of East-West détente.

IN THIS election year there is a real question whether the polls reflect opinion or influence it. Because politicians can misuse polls for their own benefit and the press can misinterpret them for headlines, the public has lost much of its confidence in the pollsters. **Jules Witcover** interviewed some of the leaders in the field to get this picture of their operations. Mr. Witcover is with Newhouse National News Service in Washington. . . . **Edmond Taylor** left his post in Paris to survey the troubled scene in Canada as party leadership changed there on the eve of national elections. He found the nation undergoing a crisis of identity in which French-Canadian separatism threatens the federal system. . . . The mood in Orangeburg, South Carolina, and at other Negro college communities in the South has taken a turn away from patient accommodation and toward greater militancy since the Orangeburg violence and the death of Martin Luther King. **Jack Bass,** Columbia, South Carolina, bureau chief for the Charlotte, North Carolina, *Observer*, and **Paul Clancy,** documentary editor for WIS-TV in Columbia, report on recent developments. . . . **Gil Carl AlRoy,** associate professor of political science at Hunter College in New York, analyzes some of the options and imperatives that characterize the impasse between Israel and the Arab states. . . . From the time of the Black Death, rats have played a political role in human history and today again symbolize the ills of urban society. **Thomas R. Brooks,** a New York free-lance writer, provides a primer on rats, slums, and the efforts to separate the two.

James T. McCartin is a New York insurance executive and free-lance writer. . . . The Senior Study Director of the National Opinion Research Center at the University of Chicago, **Andrew M. Greeley** is a priest and the author of a number of books including *The Changing Catholic College* (Aldine). . . . **Norman Jackson** is poet-in-residence at the University of Keele in England, where he directs a program in creative writing. His collection *Beyond the Habit of Sense*—the title poem appears in this issue—has just been issued by Villiers Publications (London). . . . **Marcus Klein** is on the faculty of the State University of New York at Buffalo and is the author of *After Alienation*, a study of contemporary fiction (Meridian paperback). With Robert Pack he is editor of *Innocence and Experience* and *Short Stories: Classic, Modern, Contemporary* (both paperbacks from Little, Brown). . . . A novelist, editor, and critic, **Anne Fremantle** has written many books, of which the most recent is *Pilgrimage to People* (McKay).

Our political cover is by **Mozelle Thompson.**



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THE PRESIDENT'S DECISION

To the Editor: Your editorial ("The Presidency," *The Reporter*, April 18) was most forceful in expressing your disdain for President Johnson's withdrawal from politics.

In searching for a reason for the President's uncharacteristic act, I came across a very pertinent passage in the same issue of your magazine, in Jonathan Kapstein's review of *The New American Commonwealth* by Louis Heren. "It is not much of an exaggeration," Kapstein quotes Heren, "to say that the main limits to Presidential authority in national security affairs can be found in the direct relationship he establishes with the American people. This is one reason why the President can be more interested in the latest public opinion polls than in the *Congressional Record*."

We all know how true this was of Mr. Johnson and also how little comfort these polls could have given him in the days before he reached his decision. It just may be that he put too much faith in these polls. If he had delayed any decision until after he had done some campaigning, I think he would have found that his support was much greater than the polls indicated.

JAMES WENDING
Omaha

To the Editor: "The Presidency" displays the anguish of the disciple who lacks the flexibility of his leader, like many a conservative Catholic confronted with Vatican II.

Though you have lived in this country a long while, I fear you have not yet understood what it is that makes the political process unique in the English-speaking world. It is because of this process that tax evasion is a rare thing here while it is a way of life in most other countries; it is why our Presidents obey Supreme Court decrees voluntarily, why General MacArthur did not march on Washington when he was discharged. It is a fundamental sense of confidence in the system on the part of the people, coupled with a corollary sense of responsibility to the system on the part of most elected officials. President Johnson is completely infused with this culture. He has afforded us a little time to reorient ourselves and, one hopes, to make a little progress toward disentanglement in Vietnam without total disaster.

WILLIAM J. POWELL
Spokane, Washington

NEW MONETARY PHILOSOPHY

To the Editor: I don't go along with C. Fred Bergsten ("A New Monetary System?," *The Reporter*, April 18). Until the international monetary system becomes democratic, it will continue to obstruct progress in the world—much as pre-Keynesian economics helplessly regarded the doom of the depression and obstructed recovery until the Second World War. Only autocracy is represented by the "major financial powers" dictating international monetary (and hence economic) policy. One of them (France) opted for major regression, the others budged only an imperceptible inch under the threat of international disaster.

The Special Drawing Rights concept verges so nearly on enlightened economics that it is amazing that it is not carried to effective conclusion. That is, SDR should be directly (and not indirectly) related to Gross National Product. Should Congo's cocoa, Australia's wool, Canada's grain, India's hemp, Egypt's cotton, and Cuba's sugar, all capable of constant quantity level, be permitted wild fluctuations in quality of purchasing power? When subjected to classic economic competition between the poor and the rich nations, their commodities, merely by reason of economic power wielded by the nations in control of international monetary policy, have no meaning.

These major nations and Russia pour out so-called economic aid—only to see it dissipated by their own unrealistic world monetary relationships. When the GNP of the monetary outsider meets the competition of the same nations in international concourse, all too often the answer is a net deficit in legitimate expectation, curtailment of credit at home and abroad, and inflation or deflation, depending on the hasty political remedy.

The SDR concept should be extended to fixed logical relationships, to establish firm *credit* availability and commodity exchange allowing the same relative stature and stability to the Congo's cocoa, Australia's wool, and Egypt's cotton as the monetary monarchs are able to give to their own GNP by monetary controls they administer. The SDR concept could be made creative by awarding credit in terms of GNP only, thereby inducing underdeveloped nations to achieve monetary stability in direct relationship to their industry and progress.

If Cuba, for example, produces five million tons of sugar one year worth five cents a pound and the next year produces five million tons worth two cents a pound, economic disaster portends. But its GNP has changed for the worse only monetarily; its actual productivity is unchanged. Likewise, all other economic demands for basic necessities remain relatively constant and the Cuban people have worked equally hard for their less than half a loaf as for the full loaf. The United States administered a form of monetary stability called the sugar-quota system. The SDR concept could be similar in effect. The tribulations of our friends are just as bad as those of our erstwhile friend, Cuba. The major nations, by realistically expanding SDR into "A New Monetary System," could take the step necessary to move the world closer to one of united nations.

W. R. LOEFFLER
Denver

ANYTHING GOES

To the Editor: Derek Morgan, in his excellent review of *Beyond Belief* ("Mr. Brady, I Believe . . . ," *The Reporter*, April 18), expresses horror and outrage at the violence of American society that now stands in full view before the world. But his litany of terror is not entirely inexplicable, and for this reason:

We in the "mainline churches" are absolutely forbidden to even raise the specifics of ethics and morality in our respectable journals. The editors of our journals return our articles that deal with the specifics of ethics and morals with the explanation that this is "moralism." Mainline journals are too concerned with ecumenism and "making the scene with youth" and the new morality —in which everything, and I mean everything, is possible if only love is the motivating factor—to be even interested in organized crime, murder, rape, or any of the other immoralities that tear private and public life apart. And for a parish minister to presume to lift up the possibility of *absolute* standards in order to create a situation in which *relative* forms of behavior have at least a fighting chance against complete nihilism is to invite ridicule and laughter.

PAUL DOUGLAS, Pastor
First Congregational
Church of Rootstown
Rootstown, Ohio

To the Editor: Derek Morgan's review decrying the crime rate in the United States has many "Where else in the world" questions, with the implication that the United States is far and away the world leader in crime.

For Mr. Morgan's information, according to the Encyclopaedia Britannica Book of the Year statistics for 1964, on the basis of 100,000 population, we find that:

Sexual offenses in dear old Britain are four times those of the U.S.; in the Netherlands seven times. Theft in England is twice that in the United States. In total crime the U.S. ranks eleventh of the countries reported. For example, the rate in Denmark and Finland is over twice as high.

He further states that organized crime is "beyond any comparison the biggest business in the entire economy." Where on earth did such information come from? I enjoy *The Reporter* very much and do not like to see it join in the hue and cry over something like the crime rate without some basis in fact.

W. W. RONAN
Georgia Institute of
Technology
School of Psychology
Atlanta

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Old Hat in the Ring

"I must confess a certain sense of *déjà vu* in sitting down to do this piece." Thus Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., begins his testament ("Why I Am for Kennedy") in a recent issue of the *New Republic*. We must confess a certain sense of *déjà vu* ourselves in sitting down to read it. Once again Mr. Schlesinger finds himself wearily explaining that despite what some of his friends may think, Robert F. Kennedy is not a "ruthless opportunist." And once again he reserves his exasperation for those who keep having to have this thing explained to them—rather than for the incident that reawakened their doubts.

Mr. Schlesinger doesn't "see much force in the argument that priority in entering the Presidential competition confers the exclusive moral right to be the only liberal candidate," and in this we would say he is absolutely right—although off the point. It's not the when but the why of the when that seems to have troubled so many of Mr. Schlesinger's constituents. And while he has some sport with those who condemned Senator Kennedy's decision not to run as opportunism and then condemned his reversal of that decision as opportunism also, he does not allude to the assumption that makes sense of this seeming paradox: namely, that in January Senator Kennedy thought he could not win and shouldn't risk it but that Senator McCarthy's New Hampshire success convinced him that he probably could and should. We would speculate, for instance, that had Senator McCarthy done only poor to middling in New Hampshire, Senator Kennedy's sudden announcement that he was a stronger anti-Johnson candidate and thus must get into the fray would have been warmly received by just those people Mr. Schlesinger is having so much trouble with now.

There are a number of other points in Mr. Schlesinger's declaration of allegiance that seem highly questionable, but it is interesting nonetheless as an example of one new trend in political endorsements. Probably no man alive has spent so much time as Mr. Schlesinger in explaining to the public whom he is for and why, on the grounds that he exemplifies the disinterested scholar and his preferences thus have a general meaning for liberal intellectuals. We wonder if this assumption is not an idea whose time is gone. That is, an article of endorsement by Arthur Schlesinger called "Why I Am for Kennedy" now strikes us with all the force as would an article, say, by Jack Valenti called "Why I Am for Lyndon Johnson."

This simulated air of detachment, the grand statement which seems to come from Mount Olympus but which was really cranked out at headquarters, marks the newest departure in the art of endorsing. President Johnson has abruptly put a halt to administration endorsements of Vice President Humphrey, but the trend remains pronounced in the Kennedy camp. Numerous among the "leading university and college professors from sixteen institutions" who announced for Kennedy, for example, are once—and presumably future—jobholders of the Kennedy administration. In fact, it might have been more politic for their names to have been added to the list of former Kennedy-Johnson administration officials for Senator Kennedy—a group whose existence was made known a few days earlier and which could have used a little padding. *It* was headed by former Postmaster General J. Edward Day, whose memoir of his time in government was rich in slurs on Robert F. Kennedy; and after a few distinguished names, the list descended to a group of former aides from several years back. The problem in this case was that no one outside Washington would know who most of the former-official endorsers were. Equally unfortunate, everyone in Washington would.

We are aware that like everything else in this queer political year, endorsements are unpredictable, unaccountable, and acutely subject to change. After all, Frank Sinatra has switched to Hubert Humphrey, Senator McCarthy (among Democrats) has been blessed by Barry Goldwa-

Lest We Forget

The kind of people we must deal with in the talks with Hanoi has been illustrated once more by the discovery at the recently embattled city of Hué of nineteen mass graves. Apparently, the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong deliberately killed around a thousand civilians, including French priests, German doctors, and old women, during the siege of the city.

Atrocities in the war have not been confined to the enemy side, but since there are no American reporters and cameramen with enemy fighting forces, people may tend to forget that Hanoi is a Stalinist type of régime in its methods, that it liquidated thousands of its own farmers in collectivizing the land and scores of nationalist leaders, simply because they were not Communists.

Perhaps none of this bears very directly on the wisdom or unwisdom of trying to get a compromise peace, but it is a reminder that this revolutionary enemy uses terror as part of its calculated strategy like various other Communist régimes before it.

(From a broadcast by Eric Sevareid over CBS TV News, May 1, 1968)

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ter, and Mr. Goldwater's one-time running mate, William Miller, has come out for Governor Rockefeller. Mr. Schlesinger himself has switched from Senator McCarthy to Senator Kennedy, and Senator Stephen Young of Ohio has switched from Senator Kennedy to neutrality. Only the computers can know for sure what to make of all this, and we suppose that in a sense the *déjà vu*-ness of Mr. Schlesinger's little exercise should be reassuring and somewhat comforting as a port in a storm or a link with the past. The spirit of the times where these matters are concerned—at least for those of us who are not campaign aides—was best expressed in a classified ad at the back of the issue of the magazine in which Mr. Schlesinger appeared: "'RFK NOT LBJ' Bumper Sticker (Removable)."

Vox Populi

In Massachusetts, it is very difficult to write in a candidate's name. Most of the voting is done by machine and a citizen must pull open a small panel, then practice superb penmanship in order to express his preference. Despite these hurdles, enough Bay State Republicans expressed their preference for Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller to give his campaign, then only hours old, a spontaneous sendoff.

A search began immediately in the press for reasons behind this remarkable showing. Rockefeller's New England associations are varied but not impressive. Born in Maine and educated in New Hampshire, he still seldom visited his neighboring state. The day after his victory the governor guessed that he had not been in Massachusetts in two years.

Even in an age of subliminal politics, it is impossible to conduct a write-in campaign in secret. Publicity, advertising, and a broad educational campaign are usually required before large numbers of voters bestir themselves. There was no evidence of this type of activity in Massachusetts.

The only Republican name on the ballot was that of Governor John A. Volpe, who had visions of the Vice Presidency—dreams that led him away from his natural ideological

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base of liberalism to an open flirtation with former Vice President Richard Nixon. But Massachusetts Republicans, who have sent men like Henry Cabot Lodge, Leverett Saltonstall, F. Bradford Morse, and Silvio Conte to Washington, rebelled against the thought of a Nixon-Volpe ticket.

On the Democratic side of the ballot, another favorite son, Robert F. Kennedy, did rather poorly against Minnesota's Eugene J. McCarthy. The option available to Republicans was not taken by Democrats. McCarthy almost doubled Kennedy's total in R.F.K.'s native state.

In a primary, by definition a partisan election, Kennedy's credentials among professional politicians were well displayed in Massachusetts. Kennedy has always demonstrated contempt for machine politicians (except, of course, where they support him), and machine politicians return the compliment.

Vice President Humphrey's total must be regarded as impressive. His 41,649 votes came in a state where he has few political ties. While Humphrey's vote was some twenty-three thousand less than Kennedy's, it indicates a relatively narrow electoral gap between almost anonymous performance of duty and overpublicized, glamorized "charisma."

The Massachusetts campaign was conducted without troops of candidates and reporters trudging the streets. The voters, when left alone, decided to confound the experts, and they did. Had the primary been spotlighted by pollsters, television prophets, heavy advertising campaigns, and beseeching candidates, the results might have been less surprising. That they were dramatically different from what was expected only illustrates the weird jerry-built structure that the primary system has created.

The Columbia Mess

Neither students nor university comes out well from the turbulent events at Columbia. The university administrators seem guilty of the same stubborn insensitivity they have shown so often in the past in overriding the concerns of the students and the neighborhoods that surround them, and of startling ineffectuality in dealing with protesters. Frightened by their own helplessness, they finally resorted to force.

The militant student minority that responded to the university's inattentiveness by occupying five university buildings turned protest into a destructive orgy that robbed their claims to idealism of any meaning.

Even a meeting of Columbia parents erupted in the shameful spectable of several parents and a rabbi ganging up with their fists on a right-wing father who called parents of the striking students "suckers" and tried to take over the meeting.

Only two groups appear to have kept their cool. One was the ad hoc faculty committee that tried both to protect students and to reason with all parties. The other was the group of Negro members of the student Left. Presumably in the name of black power, they set up separate sit-in quarters in Hamilton Hall. It was the only university building that was treated respectfully.

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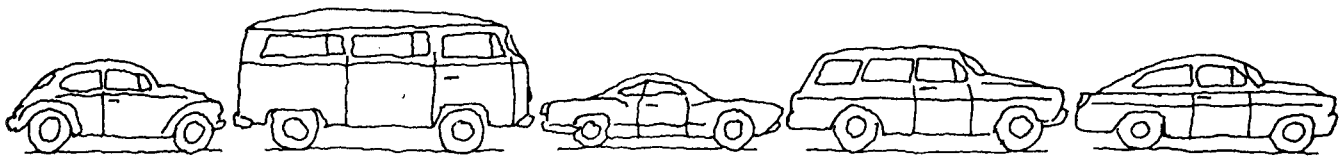

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On Lyndon Johnson

PERHAPS the President had to do it: the power to reach the goals he had assigned himself turned out to be depleted well before the end of his own term. True, each one of these goals was of an inordinate difficulty, and their concurrent pursuit was made more and more arduous by their ever-increasing impact. In South Vietnam, American soldiers were already fighting Communist guerrillas when Lyndon Johnson assumed office. Racial conflicts had kept America shuddering ever since Eisenhower's Presidency. Kennedy had pledged to get the country moving again, but destiny did not allow him enough time.

The direction in which the economy of the nation should move, the measure of peace it could attain, and at what price in terms of means of warfare, the plans for racial integration—all these crucial yet inescapable issues, to mention only three, had to be faced by Lyndon Johnson, The oversized majority he gained in 1964 confirmed his belief that he was supported by an extraordinarily broad consensus, and that he was free to carry through a thorough program of national renewal. This he did. The laws he had passed by Congress went to the limits of what legislation can do for the underprivileged, and probably beyond.

It has been said that he is tyrannical, tempestuous, insensitive to the feelings of those close to him, and prone to use the most crude language. If one credits the rumors, cursing must be an occupational disease of every incumbent of the White House. On one point particularly, Johnson-haters have been insisting with overabundant variations and details: his being an egomaniac to the extreme, deaf to other people's advice on the policies he should follow. There may be some truth in this, covered up with an overgrowth of malice. In the course of a long public career, a man can scarcely help identifying himself with different and sometimes contradictory interests, all related to the advancement of his political fortunes. From his early New Deal days to the Presidency, he has shown himself to be a global populist who has had at heart the advantage of the rich as well as the poor. This is not his major claim to originality.

HE HAS BECOME accustomed to go through torturing cycles of conflicting opinions, reconsiderations of decisions he had already taken, and finally to follow his own irrevocable conclusions. Playing games with others and with himself, this most gregarious, loquacious, and persuasive of men is not made to follow any Aristotelian theory of wisdom lying in the middle or at the center. In his own mind, *he* is the center. He is the one who knows where the consensus lies.

As President, he couldn't be much of a politician: the compromises he made have been *his* compromises, between broad, unfamiliar infinities that were given strange, imprecise names, like Great Society or War on Poverty. On the issue of the war in Vietnam from his Johns Hopkins speech on, the President talked in terms of near-absolutes. What did "unconditional discussions" mean? The only unconditional thing in war must be surrender. And why, in his San Antonio speech last September, did he say: "The United States is willing to stop all aerial and naval bombardment of North Vietnam when this will lead *promptly* to productive discussion. We, of course, *assume* that while discussions proceed, North Vietnam would not take advantage of the bombing cessation or limitation"? (Italics ours.) He even went so far as to suggest meeting Ho Chi Minh "tomorrow."

Yet in all the Presidential speeches about the Vietnam war an opposite theme was to be found: we shall prevail; the enemy must not be misled by those in our midst who talk about that war as one that will and must be lost. At the end of the San Antonio speech he said: "First, we just must not mislead the enemy. Let him not think that debate and dissent will produce wavering and withdrawal, for I can assure you they won't. Let him not think that protest will produce surrender, because it won't. Let him not think that he will wait us out, for he won't."

It was an extremely risky policy, a deadly diplomatic-strategic game with the Soviet Union. The President could have pursued it to success only if there had been enough patriotism in newspaper and TV editorial offices, on university campuses, and among the poor in spirit or in wealth in our country, black or white, to back up the President while he was playing with the near-absolutes of near-war and near-peace. Then the President could even have made an offer to negotiate with North Vietnam, accompanied by a limitation of our bombing, if he had had the authority that only a potential reelection could give him. But by withdrawing from the Presidential race, he destroyed any advantage we might have found in negotiating.

LYNDON JOHNSON has thus regained most of his consensus, and lost most of his power. I wish him well, as is the due of a man who has overspent himself for his country. I am proud to have been for him, and I wish I could still be. But the chapter is closed.

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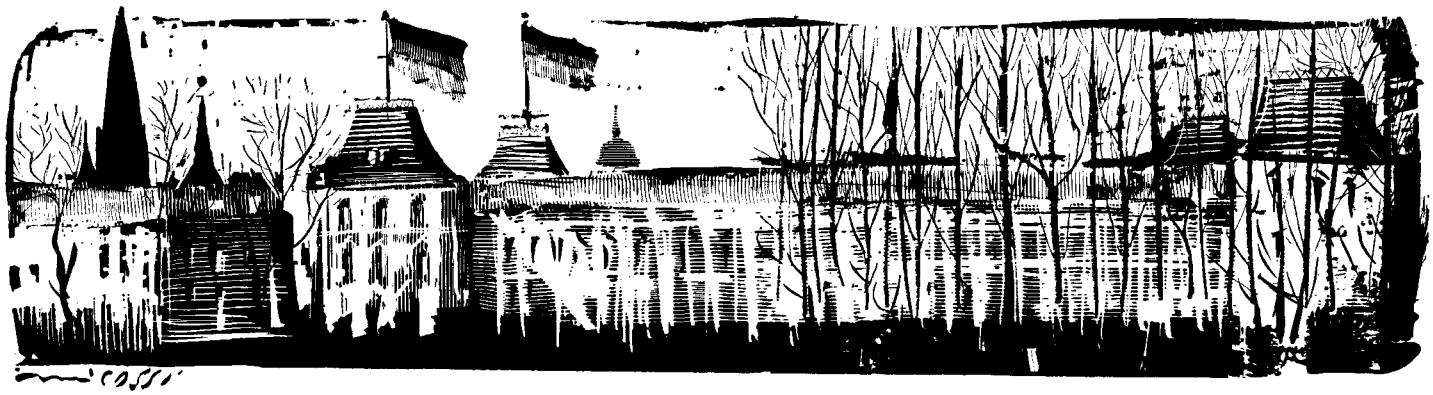

Germany Re-enters the Arena

KURT BIRRENBACH

BONN

AT THE CONFERENCE of the Nine Powers in London in October, 1954, the United States, Great Britain, and France stated for the first time that the Federal Republic was the only free and legally constituted government entitled to speak for the entire German people in international matters. At the same time they made the creation of a free and unified Germany by peaceful means a basic aim of their policies. This declaration was unanimously confirmed by the NATO Council in Paris later the same year. Yet today not one European power or the United States is prepared to enforce reunification on the basis of a policy of strength.

It is not even certain whether the West would now be willing to offer disarmament and arms-control measures to gain progress toward German unification. In the nuclear age peace has highest priority; requests for territorial changes will have to be deferred. During the past few years, NATO members have tended to assert that the division of Europe should be overcome through a détente in East-West relations. According to this view, the reunification of Germany might best come about in the course of this process of conciliation between East and West, a process that would presuppose the participation of the nations of Eastern Europe. A successful eastern policy, in turn, presupposes a constructive western policy, both in the European and in the Atlantic framework, since an eastern policy without close ties to the West could not lead to progress toward reunification.

The Eastern Bloc is no longer the monolith it was at the time of Stalin. The loosening process started as early as 1948, when Yugoslavia went its own way, and it reached its climax in the schism between the Soviet Union and Communist China. The Eastern European states would never have attained the degree of independence they enjoy today without this conflict, which has both ideological and power-political causes.

The exception, Poland, lost much of the freedom it seemed to have won in 1956 because Polish autonomy, limited as it is, was bought at the price of complete identification of Polish foreign policy with that of the Soviet Union. In his response to President de Gaulle's speech in the Sejm on September 11, 1967, Party Secretary Wladyslaw Gomulka stated that for Poland there could be no return to futile prewar alliances. Today, he said, Poland views its security as safeguarded by a close alliance with the Soviet Union. The division of Germany is one of the foundations on which this security rests.

The events in Czechoslovakia of the last few months awaken the hope that a socialist state with a broader democratic basis will come into being. In breaking all links with the Stalinist past, the Dubček régime has granted more political freedom to the press and greater power to its Parliament. The new government will decentralize the economy. Czechoslovakia may even—in spite of remaining a member of the Warsaw Pact—conduct a more independent foreign policy.

Romania has sought to achieve independence by taking a neutral stand on the Sino-Soviet dispute and by initiating diplomatic relations with the Federal Republic and acting according to its own lights during the debates in the United Nations Disarmament Committee in Geneva. Hungary is cautiously moving toward a less rigid economic system and greater autonomy in the cultural field. In Bulgaria, however, no such trends are visible.

Three Levels

Underneath a veneer of Communism, the European spirit of the Soviet Bloc countries has once more come to life. President Kennedy, General de Gaulle, and more recently President Johnson have all acted to promote this trend. The present West German government has assigned a higher priority to détente than its predecessors did, aiming at the establishment of diplomatic relations with the nations of Eastern Europe. Both the Erhard cabinet and the Kiesinger régime

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have suggested an exchange of declarations on the renunciation of the use of force with the Eastern European nations that should also include the territory of East Germany. But since the goal of overcoming the division of Europe is not attainable on short notice, there is a risk in assigning so high a priority that expectations will be generated which cannot be fulfilled.

A Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals, as proposed by de Gaulle, would not correspond to reality: the Sino-Soviet conflict does not reduce the Soviet Union to its European region. Moreover, such a Europe would be dominated by Russia. Independence for a unified Europe is not conceivable in today's world without the permanent political and military support of the United States, which would thus have to participate directly in the establishment and maintenance of any security system. Genuine détente presupposes security and does not replace it, a fact that is often overlooked. The view that the dissolution of western structures would entail the disintegration of the Eastern Bloc flies in the face of experience.

There are three indispensable levels for overcoming the tensions in Europe. The Atlantic level guarantees the protection of territorial integrity. The European level has the effect of weakening the national components, by incorporating them in a stable European order. Finally, on the national level, bilateral contacts can serve to overcome the psychological and ideological obstacles to a reconciliation between East and West.

An indispensable element in the reconstruction of Europe is the economic and political integration of the Continent. It is integration that makes European disputes impossible. A reunited Germany firmly integrated into a wider united Europe, including Great Britain and some of the Northern European nations, could not be considered a potential threat by its eastern neighbors nor a too powerful partner by its western allies.

There is no doubt that integration in Europe as well as in NATO has been dangerously weakened during the past few years, and that this weakening process has been developing more rapidly in the West than within the Eastern Bloc.

Politics in Europe should avoid everything that might reverse the progress of integration. The aim must be to broaden Europe both vertically and horizontally. The key to such a development is to be found in Paris. An undivided Western Europe, in which nations could share in freedom a joint sovereignty, would provide an attraction for the Eastern European nations. A fragmented and militarily unprotected Europe would not have this magnetic effect upon the eastern People's Democracies. At this juncture it would not be conceivable that in this process the Eastern European nations would become parts of a politically integrated Europe. What would be conceivable, however, is their association or commercial affiliation on the model that the Common Market has already developed in overcoming the economic divisions within Western Europe.

To a limited extent, such ties are already in existence. Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Poland are members of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. Yugoslavia is an associate member of the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development. This road must be consistently followed. Without joint institutions leading to the establishment of joint rules of behavior in economy and politics, it is impossible to overcome the present division between East and West in Europe.

The framework for the reunification of the separated halves of Europe would be provided by the establishment of a European security system guaranteed by the United States and the Soviet Union. It is unlikely that it would be possible to provide such guarantees outside the structures of alliances—at any rate on the side of the West. The East understands by European security a system of collective security that externally would be directed against an abstract aggressor; in truth, however, it would be directed against the Federal Republic alone.

The history of experiments with systems of collective security is not encouraging. Examples are the foundering of the collective-security system based on the Geneva Protocol in the League of Nations in the 1920's and corresponding efforts by the United Nations that were successful only when no vital interests of the world powers were involved. A collective-security system with concomitant dissolution of the rival alliances could function only if the two superpowers that would be the principal guarantors were to assign the highest priority in their total political activities to peace per se, and if, moreover, their ideological, political, and military interests were not contradictory.

This, however, is not the case: there is only a mutual interest in avoiding a nuclear conflict, and this is not sufficient to form a basis for a system of collective security in Europe. Nuclear armament is conducive to peace only if the nuclear weapons are the instruments of an alliance whose basis is the conventional military and nuclear threat posed by an adversary. And this very basis would be missing in a collective security system. As long as the contrasts between East and West remain as great as they are today, the principle of a balance of power on the basis of collective alliances remains the best if not the only guarantee of peace.

The Way to Détente

Initiating diplomatic relations between the Federal Republic and the Eastern European states is only a first step toward conciliation, no more. But without them—as is evidenced by our experience with trade missions—the Eastern European states can be influenced to only a very limited extent.

The initiation of such diplomatic relations involves a modification of the Hallstein Doctrine (by which Bonn denies recognition to nations that recognize East Germany), since it is not to be applied to those nations which have recognized East Germany from the very beginning—the "as of" date being September 13, 1955, when diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union were established. The experience of the last year, particularly the reaction to the establishment of diplomatic relations by the Federal Republic with Yugoslavia, permits a more positive

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prognosis. At any rate, support for this policy by the Western Alliance and the other nations of the western world is a primary prerequisite for success. Moreover, this action must be supplemented by a very active development-aid policy on the part of the Federal Republic of Germany,

The establishment of diplomatic relations would have to be accompanied by an enhanced trade and cultural exchange with these nations, increased personal contacts, plus an attempt to conduct a political dialogue like those now beginning with Romania and Czechoslovakia. The friendship treaties that East German party boss Walter Ulbricht concluded with Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Bulgaria are no doubt intended to counteract endeavors in this direction.

At the Karlovy Vary Conference on April 26 last year, the Soviet Union—egged on by Ulbricht—succeeded in obtaining the commitment of all neighboring East European states, with the exception of Romania and Yugoslavia, to establish concrete conditions to be fulfilled prior to the establishment of diplomatic relations: recognition of East Germany under international law, recognition of the Oder-Neisse line, and renunciation by the Federal Republic of any nuclear status; and in addition, recognition of Berlin as an independent political entity.

Recognition of East Germany under international law would make the division of Germany definitive. It would release the allies of the Federal Republic from the commitment they entered into under the NATO Treaty to advocate the policy of peaceful reunification. An internationally recognized East Germany would on its part strive for reunification under a Communist label, according to Article 8 of the new East German constitution. Worldwide détente would not be achieved because there would then be two rival German states facing each other, both characterized by explosive internal development. Moreover, the situation of Berlin would become extremely dangerous if not untenable. A hardening of the status quo would not serve peace. So, if recognition is out of the question, a relaxation within East Germany can be effected only through repercussions of the process of détente in Eastern Europe on the Ulbricht régime. Clearly, this approach passes through Moscow.

IT IS DIFFICULT to say today whether recognition will ever be considered for an interim phase should it prove impossible to arrive directly at a solution based on a state consisting of the whole nation. A confederation between two diametrically opposed social systems (when one of them is a one-party state characterized by centralized economic control and the absence of basic political rights) is impossible since it would not leave scope for a democratic national order comprising both parts of Germany. Instead, the Federal Republic's policy

must provide the people of East Germany with the possibility of deciding in freedom their political destiny.

The second obstacle to the improvement of relations with the East, particularly Poland, is the question of the final settlement of Germany's border with the East. According to the Potsdam Agreement of 1945, the definitive western border of Poland is to be settled in a peace treaty with Germany. Only Germany as a whole can make the necessary decision. Recognition of the Oder-Neisse border by the East German régime lacks legal force because the régime itself, a patent political artifact of the Soviet Union, lacks even the most rudimentary legitimation, as witness its failure to gain diplomatic recognition outside the Communist Bloc.

There is, of course, at the present time no common border between the Federal Republic and Poland, a fact that is curiously inconsistent with Polish demands that the West German government accept a border that is allegedly not its own. Actually, recognition of the Oder-Neisse border at this time would not influence relations between the Federal Republic and Poland to any considerable extent, since the present Polish régime considers the division of Germany to be vital to its security policy. Moreover, any premature decision on the part of West Germany regarding the Oder-Neisse line might have serious internal political consequences: it could, for example, throw millions of East German refugees into the arms of the extreme rightist National Democratic Party.

The final settlement of the border can, therefore, be made only in a peace treaty in connection with the solution of the German problem, and the peace treaty must be concluded by both sides in freedom. Pending such a time, the Federal Republic has offered Poland a solemn renunciation of force on the basis of the Erhard government's peace note of March 25, 1966, and of the Kiesinger government's declaration of December 13, 1966. The Polish government has rejected this offer. The present Polish régime is not interested in relaxing tensions between Poland and the Federal Republic because it uses these tensions to show the adequacy of its present foreign policy.

The Problem of Berlin

The remaining conditions imposed by the Soviet Union and the other Eastern European nations are that the Federal Republic must renounce any kind of participation in a nuclear-weapons system and accept a special status for Berlin. There is hope that the Federal Republic will be able to sign the Nonproliferation Treaty, but only after the elimination of existing obstacles regarding the peaceful use of nuclear energy as well as future nuclear arrangements within NATO. To convert Berlin into an independent entity would destroy one of the three essentials agreed upon by the three western powers after the ultimatum by Khrushchev in 1958. Berlin can survive only if very close economic, cultural, and political links are maintained with the Federal Republic. As long as the eastern People's

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Democracies, and particularly the Soviet Union, impose such conditions, the Federal Republic cannot possibly conduct an open-ended policy toward the East.

One means of overcoming the present resistance of the People's Democracies toward co-operating with the new German policy vis-à-vis the Eastern Bloc is to outline clearly the limits to which the Federal Republic is prepared to go with respect to concessions. Otherwise there is the risk that the eastern neighbors of the Federal Republic will postpone their own decisions again and again in the expectation of new concessions. In spite of Ulbricht's representations, the objective interest of both sides in a normalization of political and economic relations will sooner or later assert itself.

Sooner or later it will also be possible to exert indirectly an influence on the political leaders of East Germany. In the final analysis, the actual success of such a policy depends on the reality of the policy of détente as such—and this in turn is determined by the relations that exist between the West and the Soviet Union.

In the meantime, the Federal Republic will do everything possible to maintain the substance of the German nation on either side of the demarcation line. Continuous contacts on a human, economic, and cultural level are needed just to keep alive the feeling of being members of one nation. All proposals made by the Federal Republic up to now to the rulers of East Germany to agree to practical measures, designed to alleviate the human distress caused by the division of the nation, have been flatly rejected. There was an exchange of letters last spring and summer on this question between the chairman of the East German Council of Ministers, Willi Stoph, and the Federal Chancellor, from which it became evident that the East German régime is not prepared to negotiate humanitarian questions.

Instead the régime feels strongly that recognition of East Germany under international law, apart from the other conditions agreed upon in the conference at Karlovy Vary, must be negotiated first. Stoph suggested to the Federal Chancellor the conclusion of an agreement that would have sanctioned the division of Germany under international law. In his two letters, the Federal Chancellor persisted in refusing to recognize East Germany under international law, but stated that the Federal Republic did not intend to hold the East German population under its tutelage. All it did was to advocate the right of self-determination of the people in the other part of Germany so long as they could not exercise that right themselves.

THE BIG QUESTION is how to deal with East Germany within the framework of détente policy. In this connection there are two schools of political thought in the Federal Republic. One of them advocates the elimination of the Ulbricht régime by pursuing a policy aimed at consistently weakening East Germany, while the other favors a transformation of the régime through a political and economic strengthening of East Germany. Both have the same objective: elimination of the Socialist Unity Party régime in its present form and achieving the right of self-determination for the people of East Germany.

To achieve this objective, an active influence on the East Germans is required. The proponents of a weakening process start from the assumption that a change in the system is unlikely or even impossible, since the East German régime is supported by Soviet force alone. It would be possible to hasten a revision of Soviet policy toward Germany if the USSR were made to realize that the establishment of a second sovereign nation-state on German territory is not feasible in the long run and that enforcing the division of Germany constitutes a greater security risk for it than reunification under certain conditions. The proponents of this idea concede that influencing the population of East Germany so as to prevent estrangement of the two parts of Germany would hardly be possible, and that the situation of Berlin would become ever more precarious.

The proponents of the process of strengthening East Germany set their hopes on a gradual transformation of the Communist system. Their basic assumption is that the East German standard of living will continue to improve and that the people will become more and more reconciled to their fate, and that the régime would then be able to grant more freedom and liberties. The proponents of this idea realize that the solution of the German problem would be possible only at the end of a historical process in the form of a confederation. They admit that pursuing this policy may be considered by the world as a waiver of the claim to sole representation by the Federal Republic and could thus lead to a landslide of recognition of East Germany under international law by uncommitted nations. The official policy of the Federal Republic has steered a middle course between these two schools at least since the spring of 1966.

The immediate objective is a liberalization within East Germany. However, it is considered impossible to arrive at a complete relaxation of the system, since in contrast to the East European People's Democracies this system is not built on the basis of one entire nation. Any alliance with nationalism would only lead to elimination of the régime in East Germany. The policy of increased contacts with the East German people and the external policy of détente aimed at the establishment of diplomatic relations with Eastern Europe are alike designed to confront the East German régime with the choice of aligning itself with the general tendency toward détente or isolating itself as the last remaining Stalinist relic in the Eastern Bloc.

The Soviet Stand

The response of the Ulbricht régime to this policy of détente makes it appear doubtful whether at this moment even the immediate objective can be attained. The more remote objective, reunification, can probably be achieved only through a fundamental change in the international constellation. This presupposes a profound evolution within the Eastern Bloc and a change in the existing relations between the world powers. The only way in which the Federal Republic can influence this development is by attempting to establish the prerequisites for a solution to the German problem, and by promoting a change in the politi-

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cal relationship inherent in today's constellation.

Disengaging the Federal Republic from its European ties, or for that matter a neutralization of Germany as a whole, is not a suitable means for the solution to the German question. The neutralization of a reunified Germany would dangerously weaken the future united Europe. A neutralized Germany would run the risk of either being dominated by the Soviet Union or of being ground to pieces between the blocs. The integration of the Germans into a greater European unity remains a prerequisite to a constructive solution of the German problem. Positive co-operation in a Pax Europeana that would be built on the basis of existing alliances and consist of a number of disarmament and control measures can contribute to that. Without changing the strategic balance, such a security system would bring a lowering of the armaments threshold in Europe.

The most important problem of all is the type of relations that the Federal Republic will have with the Soviet Union. At the present time, the Soviet Union does not desire reunification. The latest declaration by the Soviet Union, which left the possibility of agreement on reunification open, dates back to the Geneva Summit Conference in the summer of 1955. The first official Soviet rejection of the reunification idea was delivered less than four months later at the Foreign Ministers' Conference on November 4, 1955. Almost nine years later, on June 12, 1964, the Soviet Union concluded a twenty-year agreement with East Germany that precludes any reunification for that period and is based on the three-state theory (West Germany, Berlin, and East Germany).

In this policy of denial, the Soviet Union is guided by the following political considerations:

(1) East Germany is the right-hand portion of a pair of tongs that keeps the Poles, the East European people with the closest ties to Western Europe, out of touch with the West.

(2) East Germany is the largest supplier of the entire Soviet Bloc. The commodity exchange of East Germany with the other Communist countries is greater in volume than that of all other European OECD nations, including U.S. trade with the latter.

(3) East Germany is the forward glacis of the Soviet Union's military power in the heart of Europe.

(4) Reunification by integration of East Germany into the Federal Republic might change the political and military equilibrium in Europe in favor of the West.

(5) Reunification on the basis of free elections would lead to an overwhelming democratic majority between the Elbe and the Oder and thus disavow the legitimacy of all the other People's Democracies in Eastern Europe.

THE SEPARATION of Poland from Western Europe by an East German state need not retain decisive importance in the long run. Inde-

pendently of its ideological ballast and by virtue alone of its military and political power and its imperial position, the Soviet Union could wield a decisive influence on the internal situation of a neighboring nation of Poland's order of magnitude. An evolution of the régimes of Poland and of Czechoslovakia is conceivable which would lead to their professing themselves in favor of a more moderate form of Communism, and their being linked economically and reconciled to the West politically.

The economic function of East Germany within the framework of the Eastern Bloc could after all be assumed by a reunified Germany in connection with a unified Europe on the basis of a joint trade policy of the Common Market. The military position of the Soviet Union in Europe is of less importance in an age of rockets and nuclear weapons than at a time when a world power could operate with conventional forces only. A disarmament and arms-control agreement between West and East is conceivable. It would make possible first a thinning out and later a partial withdrawal of Soviet forces on the one hand and U.S. forces on the other from the heart of Europe, but not from Europe as such. This might be accompanied by additional disarmament and arms-control measures that would relax tension without changing the military equilibrium stabilized on this basis. Thus a European peace order would be set up that would presuppose the continued existence of alliances and would not be replaced by an abstract system of collective security. This peace order, however, is conceivable only if it were at the same time accompanied by a solution of the German problem on the basis of the determination of the military status of the reunified German state.

The greatest obstacle lies in the ideological sphere. An erosion of the ideological element in East Germany would entail a stronger emphasis on national ideas. Whereas nationalism in the People's Democracies represents an element of saturation, in East Germany it would lead to an explosive pressure toward reunification. Most important, the Soviet Union would have to withdraw from an area that it has reshaped into a Communist state. The Marxist idea of the determination of history, in the sense of a cogent development of history toward a Marxist world, would thus be refuted.

A SOLUTION of the German problem is possible only if Communist ideology in Eastern Europe should lose its expansionist element. Until such time, the task of the Federal Republic of Germany must be to keep the German question open and to prevent international recognition of East Germany. During this transitional period, it would be up to NATO to co-ordinate the western policy of an opening toward the East on the basis of a new concept of the Alliance that is still to be worked out. The West's highest trump card in this struggle is the military presence of the United States on the European Continent.

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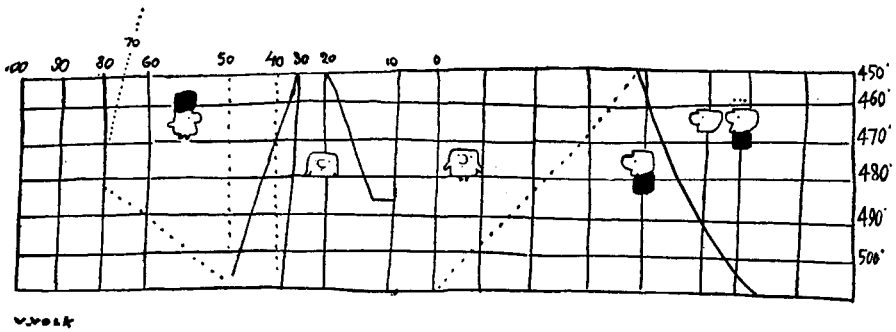

Can We Believe The Pollsters?

JULES WITCOVER

THE RISE of the public-opinion polls, not simply as a yardstick of the national climate but as a determinant of political events, has been steady. It has paralleled the increasing accuracy of polls as samplers of the public mood, and the growing dependence of politicians on them. Though there seems to be a widespread disposition to speak disparagingly about polls, hardly a major politician takes a serious step without consulting them; many public figures routinely commission special polls before deciding on a candidacy or a policy position.

The politicians' thirst for information about voter attitudes, and the public's less self-serving craving, have produced a multimillion-dollar offshoot of the news business. More than a score of political polltaking enterprises operate on a national or statewide basis in every section of the country, conducting "public" surveys for newspaper, radio, and television clients, "private" polls for candidates and political parties, or both. The public surveys, as the name indicates, are spread on the record. The private polls usually are taken to help politicians decide whether to enter a particular race and, once a campaign starts, where to concentrate attention and on what issues. When it serves a politician's purpose, of course, a private poll may be leaked to the press.

The two most prominent political pollsters today, George Gallup and Louis Harris, do public polling only. Gallup, one of the industry's pioneers in 1935, is financed by about 120 American newspapers that run his findings. Harris, who says he has 140 newspaper clients, used to do private polling—John F. Kennedy was his best-known client in 1960—but has turned exclusively to public surveys. Most of the other familiar names in the field—such as Elmo and Bud Roper, John Kraft, Oliver Quayle, Joe Napolitan, and John Bucci—are involved heavily in private polling; some, active in the commercial as well as the political field, run what are known as "piggyback" polls in which political questions are added to surveys basically intended to determine marketing preferences among specific economic groups. Most political pollsters frown on this practice, contending that it damages the credibility of all public-opinion sampling.

As public and private polls have gained prominence, there has been a lingering and paradoxical skepticism about them. Large numbers of sophisticated voters, despite an impressive record of accuracy by polls in the last twenty years, continue to doubt their reliability. Yet these voters feel the polls are so thoroughly believed by others that they undermine the public's incentive to vote, or stampede the electorate into simply confirming what the polls earlier have indicated. The pollsters flatly reject what they call the bandwagon theory. Gallup offers as his prime exhibit the 1948 Presidential election (which he and other national pollsters otherwise would prefer to forget). If the theory were valid, Gallup notes, Dewey—the front runner in the polls from start to finish—would have beaten Truman.

The Credibility Gap

The polltakers insist that they merely measure public opinion at a given moment—"single snapshots at one point in time of a constantly moving picture," in Harris's words. But they are well aware that others, especially professional politicians, are convinced the polls are opinion shapers. "Polls have no measurable effect on voters," Gallup has said, "but I've never met a politician who didn't believe they did. Every single candidate believes he has to have some kind of poll he can pull out of his pocket to show that he's ahead." This isn't quite correct. Candidates who adopt an underdog role like to flash surveys showing themselves behind but gaining (Romney in New Hampshire), and those who fear they are so far ahead that their supporters may lose interest like to quote polls showing they're in a tight race (Nixon in New Hampshire).

The ambivalent public attitude toward polls is a matter of growing concern to the established pollsters because it beclouds the fact that their record for accuracy has been remarkably good, and that great advances have been made in sampling techniques to measure opinion without affecting it in the process.

Gallup says that since the Truman-Dewey election—which the pollsters called wrong because they stopped interviewing too soon and missed a late swing to Truman—his polls have been off an average of only 2.7 per cent for sixteen national (Presidential and Congressional) elections. In the last seven, from 1954 to 1966, the error has been only 1.5 per cent, he says, and in the 1960 Presidential race the Gallup Poll had Kennedy winning by fifty-one per cent, compared to his actual vote of 50.1 per cent. In

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the 1964 Presidential race, the Gallup Poll gave President Johnson sixty-four per cent; his actual vote was 61.3 per cent. In the 1966 Congressional elections, Gallup had 52.5 per cent for the Democrats; they got 51.9 per cent. Harris, as a private pollster for Kennedy in 1959, says he was right in thirty of thirty-three states, and in his first national election, in 1964, came up with the same figure for Johnson produced by Gallup—sixty-four per cent.

Still, the accuracy of the polls remains highly questionable in the public mind. The Minnesota Poll, a well-regarded statewide survey by the Minneapolis *Tribune,* asked voters whether they thought polls could be accurate if based on a sampling of two thousand interviews (five hundred more than Gallup uses in most national samples). The response was forty-seven per cent "Yes," forty-five per cent "No," the rest undecided.

ONE REASON for this thin margin of public confidence is the almost invisible character of polltaking. The polls seem to materialize from nowhere; few citizens ever have been interviewed by a polltaker, or even know anyone who has been.

Gallup, whose system is regarded as a model for measuring public opinion nationally, generally uses a sample of 1,500 interviews culled from about three hundred areas around the country. One interviewer in each of the three hundred units in the polling "universe" makes five "hits" or in-depth interviews of about thirty or forty minutes each, reading questions from a sheet, recording the answers exactly as given, and forwarding them without interpretation for correlation and analysis by experts at Gallup's Princeton headquarters. The questions have been prepared for clarity and comprehensibility and pretested on live audiences in a Gallup laboratory called the Mirror of America before going out to the interviewers. Gallup and Harris have about 750 part-time interviewers each, who are paid about two dollars an hour and are trained to elicit answers without leading or influencing the subjects. The interviewers usually are middle-aged women of considerable formal education and an ability to win the confidence of the individuals interviewed.

The cornerstones of polltaking are random selection and the laws of probability, and public confusion about them is another important reason for skepticism about polls. Logic seems to argue against a system that in effect puts 200,000 localities in a hat and pulls out three hundred, then sends a woman out in each of the three hundred places and has her ask only five individuals, whose residences also are picked out of a hat, what America is thinking. But the pollsters insist that the system is the only way to guarantee a true sampling—one in which every American has exactly as much chance as any other to be interviewed.

The figure of 1,500 interviews is used, Gallup says, because thirty-three years of experience in polling and experiments with the laws of probability have established it as the optimum for getting accurate results with speed and economy. In any sampling made at random, they say, a point will be reached at which variations in the percentage of persons who take one position or another will begin to level off. From that point on, increasing the size of the sample will change the ratio only slightly.

The random selection of areas to be polled also seems invalid to the mind that is accustomed to thinking of elections in terms of voting blocs—by age, race, ethnic origin, and so on. A city precinct may be selected, for instance, that has a Negro population far greater or smaller than the Negro population in the nation, or even in the particular city or state. It doesn't matter, the pollsters insist, because a national sample—as opposed to a city or state sample—is being taken; in a truly random sample of sufficient size, the general racial, ethnic, and economic composition of the electorate will be adequately reflected.

Interpreting and Misinterpreting

For a valid political survey, the more dependable pollsters have realized that they must isolate not only persons who are registered to vote but also those who probably will go to the polls. Interviewers ask questions to appraise a subject's level of interest and involvement, thus giving the poll analysts a clue on the probable stay-at-homes. Harris says he requires subjects to tell him whether they have voted in the last election, and says he checks the rolls later.

As polling techniques have been refined, a major target has been the "undecided" voter. A large number of such voters can render a sample useless. Early practices of splitting the undecided down the middle or allocating them in proportion to the ratio of committed voters have been largely abandoned in favor of devices to reduce the number of those who refuse to be pinned down. Subtle questions are asked to draw out party allegiance and other leanings that give the analyst a fairly clear idea about how the subject is likely to vote. If these don't work, the individual is asked to fill out a secret ballot, which then is sealed in his presence. Such ballots usually are coded so that the voter can be identified—not by name but by sample area.

On any particular question, the voter's intensity of feeling can be measured by asking him if he is highly or mildly favorable, or highly or mildly unfavorable, toward an individual or policy position. Candidates buy private intensity polls to probe specific strengths and weaknesses for purposes of shoring up their campaigns.

THESE and other techniques have made a near-science out of polling. Still, because a general skepticism continues toward it, the pollsters have been concerned about their image. Several months ago, Gallup conducted an all-day seminar for the men who deal most directly with political polls and whose handling of them has the most impact on the public—the nation's political writers. All the theories and techniques of polltaking were explained, along with a gentle suggestion that some polls are better than others and that the men who write about them have a responsibility to differentiate.

The session, and others conducted subsequently for political writers by other pollsters, revealed considerable intramural sniping among the

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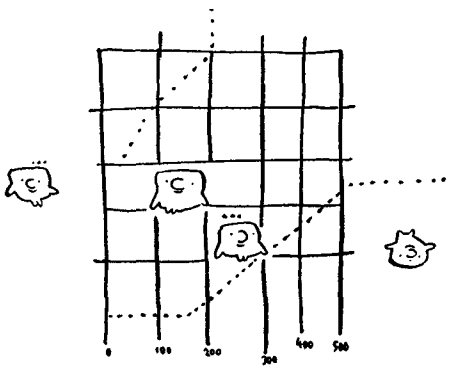
professionals over methods of gathering and interpreting data by some of their colleagues. A private pollster from the Midwest cautioned Washington reporters to make sure before writing about a poll to identify the polltaker and to ask him about his sample size and the composition of his polling universe. This pollster warned the newsmen, too, to watch for interpretations that "go beyond the data."

Some but not all of this latter criticism was directed against Harris. Some pollsters suggested that as the author of a column competing with the older and prestigious Gallup Poll, Harris sometimes tended to be overzealous in his presentation. One of them was particularly critical of a Harris Survey column of last August, which said a Republican ticket of Rockefeller and Reagan was the strongest GOP combination because it was running even with a Democratic ticket of Johnson and Humphrey. No detailed statistics on the ticket's strength were given, nor were there comparisons with other possible Republican tickets. Harris told me later that his poll did measure other combinations against Johnson-Humphrey but the findings were not shown because of space limitations on his column. A column that ran a month later, based on a second sampling, showed a Rockefeller-Reagan ticket again running even with Johnson-Humphrey, while a Romney-Reagan ticket trailed Johnson-Humphrey by thirteen percentage points. In this column too, Rockefeller-Reagan was described as "the strongest GOP ticket for today," though former Vice President Nixon—even then regarded a front runner—was not mentioned in combination with any of the other Republicans for comparison purposes.

Slanting the News

The leading public pollsters freely discuss their procedures and findings. Many private pollsters will not, on the grounds their services are purchased on a confidential basis by politicians or political parties. Unfortunately for the integrity of private pollsters, their clients often are not as circumspect as they are. Politicians frequently treat polls as if they were not confidential. They leak them to the press piecemeal, often declining to identify the private pollster or to say how many persons were polled and what the complete survey found.

The most flagrant recent example occurred last November when high Johnson administration sources circulated to newsmen the results of a private poll purportedly showing



the President to be faring much better than the Gallup and Harris surveys had indicated. This private poll was said to have Johnson far ahead of all Republican prospects in New York State and in Pennsylvania. Also singled out was what the sources called a "bellwether county" in New Hampshire where the President was leading four Republicans.

The poll, it later was learned, was conducted for Arthur B. Krim, a New York backer of the President, by Archibald Crossley, a pioneer in polling with Gallup who now runs his own private operation. What was leaked, it turned out, was only a part of the survey. In New York, where Johnson showed well, no test was made against the home governor, Rockefeller, and the "bellwether" New Hampshire county—so described by the administration sources, not by Crossley—was one in which the 1964 landslide Presidential vote actually was 6.7 per cent more Democratic than that in the rest of the country.

Crossley, who had honored the confidentiality of his client, was furious when he learned what had been done. He told reporters at the Gallup seminar that he had no interest "in polling for published promotional purposes," and that such distorted interpretations of polls by politicians "hurts the whole polling profession."

Of greater concern to Gallup than what politicians do with polls is what some pollsters themselves do. He has been campaigning among his colleagues for a code of ethics and a greater degree of standardization in polling practices. Gallup scheduled a meeting of leading political pollsters in Santa Barbara, California, on May 8 to consider creation of a separate group to write the code and then police its regulations. The formative session was to be in conjunction with the annual convention of the American Association for Public Opinion Research, a group also including university, government, and advertising business researchers. "A lot of hanky-panky goes on in every field and it's for the public's protection as well as our own that we do this," Gallup said in advance of the meeting. He predicted that the group would produce "a definite program and code of ethics that we will all agree on—that is, all the good guys."

ELMO ROPER, another pioneer in the polling industry who retired last year, says such a code is sorely needed to guard against the complete charlatans he says are invading the field. Also, he says, there should be policing of others who draw generalizations from samples too small to warrant conclusions, and who take data that can be interpreted several ways and make the interpretation they prefer. "I think it's going to be hard to cleanse the real bad actors out of our profession," he told me. "I'd like to see some reputable body start with the right to make the pollster prove that a poll was actually drawn, that the figures weren't dreamed up in an ivory tower. And it should have access to data punch cards, to see if the interpretation given was honest or just happened to fit the author's concept."

From the public's point of view, such a code and accompanying enforcement body would be a useful thing, especially in the present time of unusually volatile politics. With Presidential prospects dropping out and jumping in at a dizzying rate, the voter has enough trouble trying to gauge the reliability of the candidates, not to mention the reliability of the polls.

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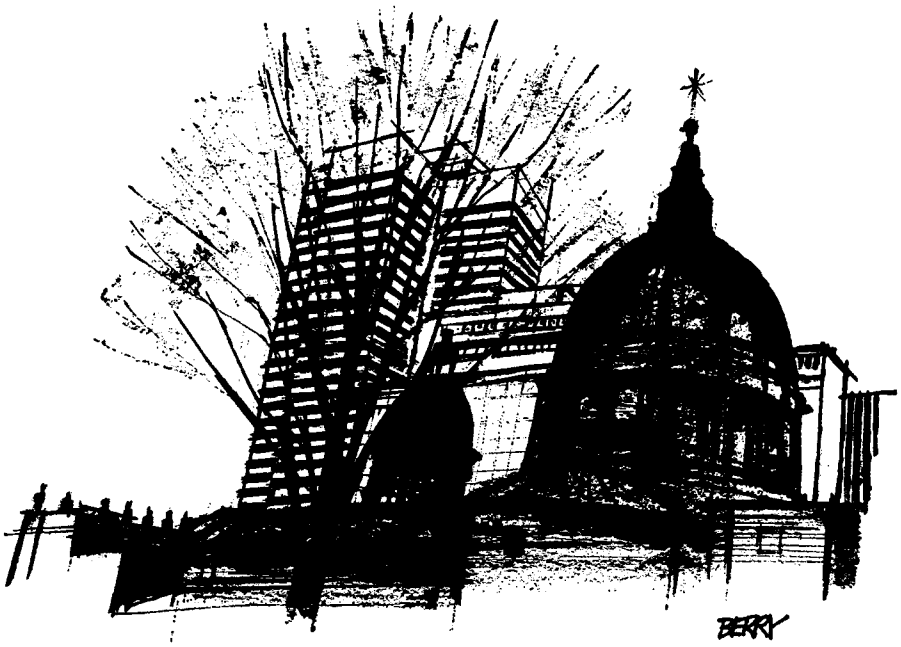

Canada's Crisis of Identity

EDMOND TAYLOR

MONTREAL

WHEN I arrived in Canada from France this spring, the political atmosphere here reminded me somewhat of Vienna in the 1930's: situation almost hopeless but not quite serious. Nothing much except habit and red tape seemed to be holding the country together, but the forces tending to pull it apart—mainly the nationalist aspirations of the French-Canadian majority in Quebec—didn't look particularly formidable. Outright separatist sentiment in the province, never very strong, was widely agreed to have declined since de Gaulle's visit the previous summer. Local pundits kept writing or talking about a constitutional crisis arising from Quebec Premier Daniel Johnson's demands for transforming the Canadian Confederation into some kind of two-nation state. Federal officials in Ottawa were sputtering about what they viewed as the diplomatic crisis provoked by Gabon's invitation to Quebec as a sovereign state, accepted by the provincial government over Ottawa's protests, to attend a conference of French-speaking Education Ministers. To an outside observer, however, the real Canadian crisis seemed more existential and profound, if less dramatic: a national crisis of identity that was disturbing mainly because in one form or another it had been going on since 1867, the year of Confederation.

The New Prime Minister

Now there is suddenly some electricity in the Canadian air. The country's new Prime Minister, Pierre Elliott Trudeau, a forty-six-year-old millionaire bachelor, former left-wing professor, and ex-globetrotter playboy, works hard at keeping up his reputation as a swinger. He does not reassure all Canadians, and there is no reason why he should reassure all Americans; but as a true French Canadian and one of the leaders of the French cultural renascence in Quebec, Trudeau is politically a convinced federalist. He has publicly denounced Quebec's nationalists, and especially the separatists, as counterrevolutionaries. He once pointed out that the nationalists' concept of self-determination, if applied in Bengal, would result in carving up that Indian region into ninety-five separate sovereign nations. What stung the nationalists even more was his charge that they, and most Quebeckers, speak lousy French, a remark that Trudeau's enemies translated literally as *français pouilleux,* or lice-covered French, thus confirming his point. Trudeau's dark-horse victory at last month's Liberal Party leadership convention, which automatically made him Lester Pearson's successor as Canada's Prime Minister, spread consternation in Quebec, both among the moderate nationalists of the conservative National Union Party and in the nationalist wing of the provincial Liberal Party of former Premier Jean Lesage. The separatists, especially their most popular leader, René Levesque, who has a deceptively simple-sounding program for first seceding from Canada and then rejoining it in a Canadian economic community, professed to welcome the development, on the grounds that it would clarify the situation.

Some separatists, however, thought that Trudeau clarified it a little too much on his first appearance before Parliament when he sent it packing, calling for a national election next month, the sixth in eleven years. (Trudeau's chief rival on the national level, the new Conservative Party leader, Robert Stanfield, was scarcely more enthusiastic.) There is no doubt that Trudeau's decision is a bold gamble.

It is possible that at what he judges to be the right moment Trudeau will offer some concessions to the moderate Quebec nationalists' desire for a special constitutional status for their province, but none that would seem adequate to the more militant nationalists. Trudeau's whole philosophy of government is anathema to them, his presence in Ottawa as Prime Minister is a permanent threat to their political careers, and his call for an immediate election is a brutal challenge. Whatever issues are stressed elsewhere in Canada, in Quebec the issue of federalism versus provincial nationalism and separatism will be uppermost.

If the Trudeauists—they are already beginning to call themselves that—win in the country at large

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and score significant gains in Quebec, the nationalists will suffer a blow from which they might never recover. Conversely, a Trudeau defeat would not only finish him as national leader of the Liberal Party but would also give the Quebec nationalists a dangerous prestige, and thus bring Canada to the brink of dissolution as a united nation. Already a noticeable polarization of opinion, favoring the uncompromising federalists and the most extreme nationalists, has occurred in Quebec, especially in the Montreal area.

To avoid falling too far behind the extremists in this situation, the moderate Quebec nationalists feel obliged to magnify their demands for enlarged provincial powers. For example, when I talked with the moderate young Quebec Minister of Education, Jean Guy Cardinal, he told me that he would try to avoid having his attendance at the Gabon group's meetings give any appearance of an independent Quebec foreign policy. There would be no accords, for instance, with states not recognized by Ottawa or considered unfriendly. Yet when he got to Paris in mid-April, Cardinal launched into negotiations with his Gabonese counterpart for direct assistance from Quebec.

WHEN the time comes, if it ever does, to resolve Canada's constitutional crisis, the formal decisions, whether by compromise or secession, will be taken in Ottawa and Quebec. But it is a third city, Montreal, the nearest thing Canada has to a national metropolis, that will largely determine whether they will work. In a sense, it is here, in this cosmopolitan, extensively bilingual, too fast-growing agglomeration of more than 2.5 million inhabitants at the foot of the St. Lawrence Seaway, that the really vital patterns of Canadian, perhaps even of North American, destiny are being forged.

French is the mother tongue of only about two-thirds of Montreal's population. Some ten per cent of the Montrealers are relatively recent immigrants from all over Europe who mostly prefer to learn English, and twenty per cent are of English-speaking stock and are often unable or reluctant to speak anything else. The city, Canada's largest, concentrates in its metropolitan area roughly forty per cent of Quebec Province's total population (5,744,000 in 1966). Naturally, most of the writers, scholars, scientists, artists, dramatists, and journalists who keep French culture flourishing in North America live in Montreal, and a large part of Quebec's working class finds (or at least seeks) its livelihood here.

But Montreal is Canada's, not just Quebec's, great cultural and economic center: McGill matches the predominantly French University of Montreal, as the Montreal *Star* matches *La Presse* and *Le Devoir*; the city is the home of several eminent French- and English-language novelists. It is likewise Canada's chief commercial and financial center, dominated by English-Canadian capital and managerial talent. Its Rue St. Jacques, in its more familiar Anglicized version as St. James Street, has some of the same connotations in Canada that Wall Street has in the United States. Any formal separation of Quebec from Canada that economically divorced the two major ethnic communities in Montreal would be a disaster for Canada as a whole but a catastrophe for Quebec. Already the blight of what elsewhere in Canada is a relatively mild economic recession lies heavy on Quebec—the provincial unemployment rate is slightly higher than the national rate of 4.1—and especially on the city of Montreal, where it is aggravated by fears of political upheaval.

Montreal is thus, in terms of economic logic and of the Canadian people's welfare generally, the immovable object upon which all dreams of Quebec ultranationalism must shatter. Unfortunately, it is at the same time among the main generators of social tensions that tend to give these dreams a revolutionary and perhaps ultimately irresistible force.

Like most North American cities, U.S. or Canadian, Montreal exemplifies the social, and therefore in the end political, chaos generated by the rapid and unplanned urbanization of what only a few decades ago was a predominantly rural or small-town society. Some of its tensions—and those of French-speaking Canada as a whole—undoubtedly stem from two centuries of interracial conflict and co-operation, but others belong to contemporary North American history. In certain respects Montreal is closer to the ghetto world of James Baldwin than to the pastoral and essentially colonial universe of Louis Hémon's *Maria Chapdelaine.* Some of the more extreme revolutionary Montreal separatists even refer to their French-speaking fellow countrymen as the "white Negroes of America."

Accompanying the social strains and frustrations that stem directly from headlong urbanization in Quebec, there is the psychological upheaval provoked by what used to be called "the Quiet Revolution" here, which recently has been getting out of hand. All the symptoms of moral and cultural disarray that are manifest in the United States—from the flower children to the mindless violence of the gang-raping hoodlums on motorcycles, from pot to pornography—occur in Quebec, but here they stir up more commotion because they have erupted more suddenly. In the last five years, a young Quebec politician-intellectual told me, the number of practicing Catholics in the province has declined by a half.

Comes the Revolution

A real crisis of authority has developed: in the home, in public life, in offices and in schools, and in the Church. Quebec separatism is a political expression of the general trend. Up to now it has not fired the imagination of the masses, but in the atmosphere of moral and social revolution that prevails here, it could turn rapidly into both a powerful and a blindly irrational political force.

Some of the more far-reaching geopolitical implications of Quebec separatism were called to my attention during a lively four-hour discussion with a group of politically active and nationalist-oriented French-Canadian university students in a cellar apartment in Verdun, a middle-class suburb of Montreal. Only one of the students was an all-out revolutionary, but his extremism made up for the relative moderation of the others. My host probably summed up the consensus in the room, and perhaps in the

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French-Canadian population of Quebec, when he said to me, "At heart we're all separatists, but most of us realize that you have to live with economic realities, too."

"I'm glad to see that at least you're one Canadian who isn't obsessed by the U.S. Marines," I remarked to the firebrand, alluding to a widely expressed wish-fear, or fear-wish, among Canadians, both English- and French-speaking, who believed that Quebec's secession—if it ever comes to that—will have to be stopped by force, but who are seemingly not prepared to use Canadian force to stop it. "Oh, I don't doubt you will threaten to send in your Marines if we declare our independence," he answered cheerfully. "But all we have to do is to announce that we'll sink a ship in the St. Lawrence and block it for good, and they'll march home again in a hurry. If they didn't, we'd get arms from Cuba and launch guerrilla warfare—and don't forget you have thirty million anticolonialist Negroes in the United States, not to mention the French Canadians in New England, who will help us turn the whole continent into another Vietnam."

The other students jeered at their friend's somewhat surrealist mathematics and strategy, and I realized that he reflected the thinking of only a minority within a minority. All the same, this talk gave me a jolt. Like most Americans of my generation, I had been accustomed from kindergarten on to think of a friendly and indivisible Canadian presence on our northern border.

Small Shocks

A few days later, in Ottawa, I received another mild shock when a member of Parliament asked Trudeau, then federal Minister of Justice, to inform the House whether or not there was any truth in press reports that Cuban planes had been parachuting arms to separatist guerrilla training camps in northern Quebec. (The planes turned out to be sheer fantasy, but the camps apparently exist, though they sound more like weekend sporting clubs.)

Then, back in Montreal, I was startled to find part of the local press cheering because the city's port—claimed to be the world's largest inland one—was being "saved" by the Soviet merchant marine from economic starvation. Owing to chronic pilfering and labor difficulties, a growing number of shipping lines have been forced to drop Montreal from their sailing schedules; for a while last winter there was even talk that the port might have to close down indefinitely. Fortunately, the strongly nationalist weekly *La Patrie* reported, Soviet vessels, denied access to U.S. ports because of the draconian restrictions imposed on them, were steadily stepping up their visits to Montreal, carrying cargo not only to and from the Soviet Union but many European ports as well. "We're sending

two to four freighters—not counting grain ships—to Montreal every week," Anatoli Ivanov, the permanent Soviet shipping representative here, boasted to *La Patrie*. To help maintain the flow of traffic all year round, Ivanov said, the Soviet government had recently decided to use its special Arctic merchant fleet on the Montreal run during the winter months when the St. Lawrence is closed by ice to most normal shipping. That the Soviet representative's assurance was not an idle one was demonstrated on January 2 when two Soviet freighters, unaccompanied by icebreakers, docked in Montreal, the first ships of the year to make port there by their own power.

While the developing Soviet maritime presence in the St. Lawrence underscores some of the disturbing long-range implications of Quebec separatism, there are more immediate subjects of concern in case Quebec eventually does try to secede from the confederation. Most English-speaking Canadians, including federal officials in Ottawa, seem to rule out the use or threat of force to avert secession. Except for a few small underground groups in Quebec, the French-speaking separatists on their side insist they are confident of being able to achieve their goal by legal and nonviolent methods.

Given the pragmatism for which French- and English-speaking Canadians are equally noted, a bloodless divorce by mutual agreement is certainly imaginable. The more concretely one tries to envisage its consequences, however, the more unpredictable and redoubtable they seem. "The day Quebec declares for independence," a former M.P. from British Columbia remarked to me, "we're going to separate from the rest of Canada and join the United States. I wouldn't be surprised if the prairie provinces followed suit." Some of the more extreme Quebec nationalists appear to nourish irredentist designs on all or part of Labrador (officially attached to Newfoundland) and on what they call "our islands" north of the Hudson Strait, which they claim are improperly depicted on federal maps as forming part of the Northwest Territories. Both regions were mentioned as examples of Anglo-Canadian imperialist despoilment in a recent group letter published by *La Presse* that ended with the Gaullist slogan "Francophone Countries, Unite!" To add to the general confusion, according to one foreign observer I interviewed in Ottawa, if Quebec secedes from the rest of Canada the French-speaking but strongly federalist-minded *Créditistes* (dissident Social Credit adherents) in the province's northwest constituencies are very likely to secede from Quebec.

The worst possibilities of serious trouble, however, are probably right here in Montreal, where some of the English-speaking residents are as extreme in their way as the French-Canadian separatist crackpots. A rather mysterious anti-separatist organization called the Vigilants of Canada is already active here, and Richard Lord, the English-speaking vice-

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president of the Quebec Liberal Federation, speaking a few weeks ago at a veterans' club, warned French-speaking Quebeckers that in case of secession the English Canadians would hold on to Montreal, or at least its business area and upper-class suburbs. "You do what you want with the farmlands and whatever else you have," he told the French Canadians.

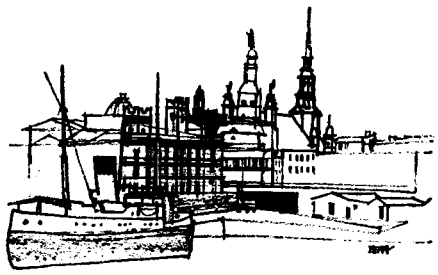
The Separatist Mind

Apart from the evident danger of economic chaos and the far from negligible risks of eventual civil war inherent in the Canadian crisis, there is another hazard from the U.S. point of view: the irresponsibly anti-capitalist, anti-American, pro-Castro, and crypto-Gaullist orientation of many Quebec separatists. Probably none of these adjectives apply to Quebec Premier Daniel Johnson and what seems to be the dominant faction in his government, represented by men like Marcel Faribault, his chief political adviser. But then, the conservative nationalists presently in power in Quebec are not separatists—or don't admit it to themselves if they are—despite what some Ottawa officials consider their infuriating addiction to double-talk.

With the apparent polarization of French-Canadian opinion in Quebec provoked by Trudeau's personality and strong federalist policy, however, it is the avowedly separatist leader René Levesque, rather than Daniel Johnson, who seems to be emerging as the ultimate standard-bearer of Quebec nationalism, and Levesque's views on foreign policy are highly ambiguous.

"Canada is a miserable little satellite," Levesque told 3,500 wildly cheering Montreal separatists recently at a meeting announcing the conversion of his Sovereignty Association Movement into a mass political party that he hopes will attract all Quebec separatists or potential separatists. It was characteristic of him that he did not spell out whom or what Canada was a satellite of. Though acknowledged by even his enemies to be a man of absolute personal integrity and selfless dedication to his political ideal, Levesque rivals the late Joseph McCarthy, if not Joseph Goebbels, in the arts of demagoguery. He is not a spellbinder, but he has a knack of making the complex sound childishly simple, the hazardous safe, and the unbelievable plausible.

A two-hour talk with him left me with the impression of a personality at once attractive and disquieting. Physically, Levesque, a frail, harassed-looking forty-five-year-old chain smoker, is the antithesis of Trudeau, an athletic, adventure-seeking, relaxed, and cool cat with a healthy but disciplined appetite for birds. Trudeau's intellectual integrity amounts at times to insolence; Levesque's tormented sincerities are half obscured by clouds of emotion-charged words that sometimes seem to be manipulating him rather than he them. Whereas Trudeau, for all



his love of excitement, played it safe during what he considered—he now admits mistakenly—the imperialist war of 1939-1945, Levesque served overseas in the U.S. Office of War Information and covered the Allied liberation of France as a front-line correspondent.

LEVESQUE'S feelings toward the United States today seemed to me ambivalent rather than systematically hostile. No one would be happier than he, he told me, to witness the "moral renascence" of America that he believed would occur if Eugene McCarthy should be elected President. (His writings and speeches are full of such backhanded compliments.) By gritting his teeth, he can even bear the thought of U.S. capital participating in the development of a sovereign Quebec. When I asked him whether he too was afraid of the U.S. Marines, he laughed easily and replied, "I'm more afraid of your investment banks and the colonialist attitudes of U.S. business generally. But I guess we could put up with it in Quebec, once we are our own masters, and thus able to make foreign interests respect our national ones. For a few years, at least."

Levesque insisted he was just as wary of French "neo-colonialism" as of the American variety, and he didn't sound at all awed by President de Gaulle, whom he once publicly termed "an overbearing old man." I noticed, however, that like most extreme Quebec nationalists he appeared to support Gaullist foreign policy in every significant area, from Vietnam or Eastern Europe to Latin America or the Near East. (He disapproves of anti-Semitism but castigates "Zionist" intrigues.) Quebec's foreign policy as a sovereign nation, he declared, would be oriented toward complete neutralism.

Toward his English-speaking fellow Canadians, Levesque professes the friendliest sentiments. He admits that for the time being many of them do not appear enthusiastic about his formula for converting Canada into an economic union between two sovereign nations, but he is convinced that since they are a reasonable and pragmatic people they will eventually accept it as preferable to a total rupture. Consequently there will be no bloodshed, no bitterness, no economic upheavals. Everything will be done peaceably and democratically.

If Quebec could count on a permanently "unstable federal government with a Parliament that looks like a nuthouse" (Levesque's characterization) in Ottawa, his expectations might prove justified. With a strong-willed, tough, and combative Prime Minister, such as Trudeau promises to be, backed by a solid and docile majority in the federal Parliament, it might be another story. Both the chances of Canada's survival and the risks of a violent explosion have increased since Trudeau replaced Lester Pearson. The unpredictable element for the determination of the immediate future is the reaction of Canadian youth, especially in Quebec, where the voting age is eighteen, to the rival causes that seek to enlist it.

From the U.S. point of view, the political situation in Canada, especially in the long term, seems to call for coolness, sympathetic understanding, and keeping our powder dry.

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The Militant Mood In Negro Colleges

JACK BASS and PAUL CLANCY

ORANGEBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA

When James P. Davis, a South Carolina minister's son, put aside his Air Force sergeant's uniform a year ago after six years in France and Italy, he looked forward to seeing how the 1964 Civil Rights Act had changed the South. He was quickly disillusioned. "It was like stepping out of heaven into hell," he said recently in relating what happened to him on his return home.

With plans to enroll at South Carolina State College in Orangeburg to major in languages, Davis, a twenty-six-year-old father of two, noticed on his first day in town last April a small frame house with an "Apartment for Rent" sign. He knocked on the door, and the white woman who answered snapped: "It's not for rent to niggers." A few days later, he was shocked to find a "For Whites Only" sign on the door of the town's only bowling alley. Davis entered to talk to the owner about it but was told to get out. A few days before Christmas, he developed a sinus infection. He went to see a local specialist and was confronted with a sign "Colored Waiting Room in the Rear." Davis entered the front door, was told by a nurse he was in the wrong room, then was shown to a narrow hallway with a few straight-backed chairs.

Furious, he left, returned home, and wrote a long open letter to the students, faculty, and administration of both South Carolina State and Claflin College, the two predominantly Negro institutions that sit side by side alongside U.S. 601. The message was clear: Negroes at the two institutions should be ashamed to allow such discrimination to continue without protest. By the end of January, Davis had collected hundreds of signatures of students wanting to integrate the bowling alley—whose "For Whites Only" sign had been removed but whose policy had been maintained.

Violence and Nihilism

Thus began a student protest that came to a climax on the night of February 8, when gunfire from South Carolina highway patrolmen on the State College campus left three teen-age Negro students dead and more than thirty wounded. There were no warning shots and no tear gas, and so far investigators have not given a public report of why it happened. Governor Robert E. McNair later explained that the troopers had been authorized to shoot if they believed their lives were in danger. A few shots had been fired from the campus earlier in the evening into the side of a nearby warehouse. Police gunfire erupted after a patrolman, seeing a fellow trooper carried from the dark campus with a bleeding facial injury, yelled, "They're shooting at us!" But no policemen were shot. No weapons were found on the campus, and the students said they had none. The injured patrolman, it turned out, had been hit by a heavy object.

That night of police violence shattered South Carolina's gratifying record of racial peace and sent shock waves through the black student population on Southern campuses. Dr. Benjamin F. Payton, former executive director of the Department of Social Justice of the National Council of Churches and now president of Benedict College in Columbia, said: "One of the really frightening things about the South Carolina State thing to me is the possibility of strengthening the hand of the element in the student body that wants to convince others that there isn't a ghost of a chance for black men in America to get justice from any political structure so long as it involves white people. There is a serious possibility of complete alienation on the part of many young Negroes. . . . We have in some a mood of nihilism."

Nevertheless, there are hopeful signs that the militants have not yet gained the upper hand and that the Orangeburg incident has awakened some of South Carolina's white political leaders to the urgency of the need to change conditions in the small colleges like South Carolina State that were founded to perpetuate segregation.

The report of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders credited Negro college students in the South with beginning the direct-action movement in the early 1960's that brought dynamic change to the civil-rights struggle and led to passage of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. Nonviolent sit-ins and demonstrations were the most important weapons. The report specifically cited Orangeburg, a conservative, rural-oriented town of twenty thousand, where hundreds of students were arrested in early demonstrations. After 1964, the focus of the struggle shifted to Northern cities and to violence. In the South, most Negro students returned to poorly equipped campuses and a few entered formerly all-white colleges and universities.

There are 104 traditionally Negro institutions in the South. Some are good, some poor, but most are desperately needed even though only about fifteen per cent of the region's college-age Negro population attends college—a sharp contrast to the nearly forty-four per cent enrollment of college-age whites. Most of the states pledged last fall to help Ne-

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groes overcome educational and cultural handicaps by encouraging colleges to accept "high-risk" students. But a recent survey by *Southern Education Report* found that only two of the major state universities in the Southern and border states—West Virginia University and Virginia Polytechnic Institute—"reported anything resembling a program for high-risk students."

The Invaders

At South Carolina State, a reawakening of civil-rights interest began last year when students stayed out of classes for a week to protest against heavy-handed disciplinary practices and a general lack of student rights. They also demanded better-quality education, having begun to see both themselves and those to follow them as victims of a cycle of inferior teachers in inferior public schools training inferior students who would return as teachers. There were similar demonstrations on half a dozen traditionally Negro campuses last spring as evidence of general unrest, and some of the demonstrations were marked by violence. At Texas Southern in Houston, police charged through student dormitories after an officer was killed, and, according to Negro leaders, they brutally assaulted students in a search for weapons.

These experiences, combined with the Orangeburg killings, shifted attention from civil-rights and educational matters to the question of police violence. After Orangeburg, the heads of six Atlanta Negro colleges said in a joint statement that "the invasion of college campuses by various police powers" has become a pattern in this country. In a strongly worded letter to President Johnson, Attorney General Ramsey Clark, state governors, and state and local police, the presidents said that these invasions "have occurred too frequently in recent years on our college and university campuses." The letter was signed by the heads of Atlanta University, Clark College, the Interdenominational Theological Center, Morehouse College, Morris Brown College, and Spelman College. "We urge you to remember that a Congress which gives a thunderous ovation to plans for the use of destructive police power and only polite applause to presidential promises for constructive social action creates an atmosphere within which a democratic society cannot long exist," the letter said. "We urge you with all of your power to protect our colleges and universities from armed invasion. We urge Americans to remove the poison of race from our police policy which may result in the murdering of students on and near their campuses."

The events at Orangeburg have changed the lives of some of the students at South Carolina State and, as Dr. Payton said, changed the attitudes of many more. Robert Lee Davis, nineteen, a quarterback who attracted the attention of professional football scouts in his freshman year, spent two weeks in a hospital in Columbia after the shootings with a bullet in his back, a fraction of an inch from his spinal cord. He has returned to school—with the bullet still in his back. Recalling the night of the shootings, Davis said that when he came up to the edge of the campus, other students had started a bonfire. When firemen and patrolmen advanced to the scene, the students ran back to the campus, but "everybody decided to walk back down to see the firemen put out the fire." He saw a patrolman, who had been hit by a heavy object, being carried from the campus and then shotguns started firing, followed by rifles and pistols. "I laid down and crawled about ten yards," he recalled, "then got up and started running when I got hit dead in the middle of my back."

Steve Moore, a senior from Greenville, South Carolina, was among the students at the front of the campus when the shooting began. He fell to the ground, then began running as the patrolmen advanced on the campus. He managed to escape injury. Moore's reaction is bitter. When asked about his future, he said, "I'm not looking forward to the future. I haven't got any future, except maybe out in the streets." Moore said that State College is "an academic ghetto—the same despair, apathy, discontent, and disenchantment."

George Campbell, president of the student chapter of the NAACP, planned to make the Army a career after graduating. Now he has changed his mind. A senior electrical technology major from Charleston, he still expects to receive an ROTC commission and put in his time as an officer, but "I don't think I can devote my life to protecting the right of someone to murder my people," he said. There is definitely more sympathy with the campus militants than there was before the shootings, Campbell claims, and the students are furious about statements by Governor McNair that "black power" was to blame. "The problem is the conditions under which the Negroes exist." As long as the educational system is poor, there will be uprisings throughout the South, Campbell predicted. "I don't believe in violence as a way of solving a grievance, but Negro youth of today will not accept the injustices our parents did. We're not going to tolerate going to Vietnam and being shot at and come back and accept second-class citizenship."

A Redressing of Grievances

But while talk of violence flows freely on the campus, the students so far have resisted those who want to translate the talk into action. Instead, about eight hundred students, with widespread support among the faculty, the Student Government Association, and the campus NAACP, staged a march to the State Capitol in Columbia on March 13. The students paraded silently around the Capitol while their representatives presented a list of grievances to the Senate and met for an hour with the governor. A cry by some local Negro militants to mount a charge against the patrolmen guarding the entrance was ignored, and there was no violence.

Having shown that they had not abandoned all hope of winning better educational conditions through nonviolent means, the students gained the sympathy of a few leaders in the all-white legislature and of Lieutenant Governor John C. West. A week after the march, West, in a speech to the Charleston Chamber of Commerce, pointed out that the students had "insisted on following the processes of law and order," and added: "As long as these students follow these processes, it places exceptional responsibility on those in authority to consider the contents [of the list of grievances] and to act

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on any section in their jurisdiction that has merit."

Later that day, Governor McNair announced a proposed $6.5-million bond issue to upgrade facilities at South Carolina State. Despite some vocal opposition, especially from Republican leaders, the legislature is expected to authorize the bond issue. West, with three members of the Senate Finance Committee, made an unprecedented four-hour visit to the campus on a fact-finding mission. He announced afterward that the inspection and meetings with various campus leaders had shown the urgency of some of the college's needs. The groups on the campus appeared to be "pleased with our interest and concern," he said.

If the students were pleased to find themselves and their petition accepted, however, their march to the Capitol left other impressions too. Most had never before been inside the historic granite building whose exterior still bears the scars of shells fired by General Sherman's troops more than a century ago. Inside, they saw not only an all-white legislature but also all-white staffs and a lobby filled with all-white highway patrolmen. The only Negroes were a few doorkeepers.

Dr. Roland Haynes, chairman of the department of psychology at South Carolina State, said the students returned to the campus sobered and challenged, with a clearer understanding of political realities and a determination to develop a new Negro leadership in the state. Whether that new leadership will be violent or nonviolent has yet to be determined. At the University of South Carolina in Columbia, which has about 150 Negroes enrolled, Franchot Brown, a second-year law student, noted that racial feelings had increased since the Orangeburg incident. Black students have become "more clannish, rejective of white students," he said, and the whites "don't trust any of us now." He added: "The whites don't really understand the impact of Orangeburg on the Negro community. The Negroes knew there was potential for violence in South Carolina, but now they've seen it and don't really care whether Columbia burns or not."

Dynamics of Violence In the Middle East

GIL CARL ALROY

Few of the world's troubles are as incendiary as the conflict between Israel and the Arabs. Their quarrel has erupted into massive warfare three times in twenty years that have been filled with almost incessant sporadic fighting. The Security Council has been caught up in this conflict more frequently than by any other since the founding of the United Nations.

It is obvious that the Middle Eastern trouble is rooted in bitter antagonism complicated by various extraneous factors. But it is a particular antagonism, with specific pressures, and involving a peculiar manner of interaction with extraneous factors. There is a distinct pattern to the dynamics of violence in the Middle East, and it is one that contradicts much of the conventional wisdom on this problem.

The high volatility of violence in this conflict is derived not merely from antagonism but from deeply irrational roots on both sides. At bottom is the utter inability of Arabs to be reconciled to Jewish statehood in what they regard as part of their homeland. If their rejection of Israel is common knowledge, few outsiders realize the depth, the intensity, indeed the obsessive quality of this feeling. To Arabs, Israel is *really* unacceptable; while some can accommodate themselves intellectually, they cannot do so emotionally at all.

This bitterness is a compound of several grievances. The most profound, perhaps, is a lingering dismay over the disastrous course of Muslim power in conflict with the West in modern history. Secular misfortunes have had terrible implications for individual faith and self-esteem such as have rarely been experienced by Christians. To Muslims—and Arabs see themselves as purest Muslims—the rightness of their faith is reflected in secular affairs. Islam was exuberantly confirmed in those centuries in which its sword conquered; but since the ascendancy of the West, history has wrought mainly malaise and disorientation for it.

The Arab awakening in this century held out the promise of righting the world once more. Perhaps the Arabs resent Israel so bitterly because it arose just as their cosmic vindication seemed within their grasp again. As they see it, the West humiliated them once more.

Accustomed as we are to tracing our own difficulties with the Arabs to Israel, we easily ignore that Israel itself suffers from the Arabs' realization of how much Israel is like ourselves. Israel is a successfully modernizing society amidst peoples as yet painfully unable to modernize. The torments of transition to modernity easily turn into despair by invidious comparisons that Arabs simply cannot help making. Thus their contention that Israel's very existence is an unbearable aggression has subtle and intimate meanings.

Intransigent Obsession

But the extent to which Israel is not western does not necessarily alleviate hostility. While we like to think of Jew and Arab together as fellow Semites, the mutual denigration of Jews practiced by both Muslim and Christian constitutes the more practically relevant alignment. In their sense of outraged righteousness, the Arabs insist that they have been more tolerant of Jews than the Christians. But the difference is only one of degree.

The fact is that the Jews have lived as a *subject* people, at the mercy of rulers and the occasional excesses of mobs, among both Christians and Muslims. Nothing like the Nazi holocaust ever visited the Jews in Arab lands, but indigni-

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ties and even bloodshed were permanent parts of their lives. The Muslim record of Jewish persecution looks good only by comparison with the even more devastating Christian one.

The intent here is not to indict the Arabs, but to make it clear that their denigration of the Jews is not essentially different from the Christians', at least as regards their political subjection. Thus we can better understand Arab rejection of Jewish statehood if we imagine how Poles or Austrians might feel in a similarly absolute reversal of traditional relationships with "their" Jews. Many Christians need not even engage in this exercise in empathy, since they are offended by Jewish statehood in the Holy Land on theological grounds.

The manner in which the Arabs make this outrage psychologically tolerable only serves to strengthen their intransigence. They naturally resort to the same apologias, self-indulgence, and nostalgic reveries of distant glories with which they had earlier learned to endure their humiliations by the resurgent West. They consequently have a large and emotionally comforting stake in uncompromising rejection of Israel.

Yet even intense emotions do not always produce the same practical concerns; variables are always interposed between feeling and action. Israel is more remote geographically for Arabs in the North African Maghreb than for Syrians, more remote psychologically for rural fellaheen than for urban effendis, with the grievances of the former being more rooted in traditional Islam, those of the latter in its agonizing decay. Above all else, practical actions are a function of opportunity. In the last resort, whether or not Arabs translate their bitter rejection of Israel into actual deeds depends on their perceived ability to do so.

This is the pattern of the past and the promise of the future. So intensely bitter a feeling as the Arabs' rejection of Israel can no more be gainsaid than can other compulsions. The renunciation of belligerency, which has become a fashionable feature of proposals for peace in the area, would no more "solve" the problem than similar pledges would solve drug addiction. While such a delusion could only benefit them, the Arabs themselves are too resentful to make even their dissimulation convincing. An unusually moderate Arab policy currently advocated by Cecil Hourani, adviser to some Arab leaders, counsels bloodless containment of Israel with the frank admission that opportunities for its destruction seem unlikely in the near future. It is significant that even this proposal envisages the eventual disappearance of Jewish statehood by other means.

FACING the utter inability of Arabs to accept Jewish statehood is the profound insecurity of the other side. In a sense the one is a response to the other, but insecurity goes much deeper in the Jewish psyche. Victimization and martyr-

dom have been an intrinsic part of Jewishness for too long to be expunged by the late emancipation in western Christendom, even if that relatively recent period had not been punctuated by some of the worst massacres in Jewish history. However sympathetic, few Gentiles are really likely to know the terror, the pain, and the rage of the Jews, so recently ravaged by the most monstrous massacre of them all.

In Israel, this Jewish anxiety is particularly heightened even as it is vindicated. The early settlers, who are still in command of power and prestige, are men formed during the pogroms of Eastern Europe early this century. The mass of later immigrants themselves barely escaped the Nazi holocaust or barely survived it. The natives, the younger generation who never had these experiences, are more than ready to strike back at the tormentors of their fathers or at suitable substitutes. The deadly quality of Israeli arms has something to do with this tropism.

Against these earlier anxieties, the Arab threats are not just cumulative; they become amplified, as if launched in a huge resonance chamber. Thus the Jewish reaction to the Arabs cannot be severed from their traumas with Christendom, just as the Arabs' reaction to the Jews cannot be separated from their own trauma with Christendom. This interplay aggravates Israel's insecurity while placing a chip on its shoulder.

Until the recent war, Israel's anxiety over security was exacerbated by its confinement within virtually indefensible territorial demarcations. With the mass of the population within reach of Arab cannon and the middle of the country only nine miles wide, these lines invited attacks on its very existence. Curiously, the confinement was not entirely involuntary, even being consistent with a doctrine ("good neighbors rather than good borders") that was rooted in the earlier, more utopian phase of Zionist settlement. However morally commendable, territorial confinement drew heavily on the already meager psychological reserves of those who had to implement it. Contrary to the conventional wisdom on the subject, original Israeli moderation in territorial claims did not decrease the chance of war but actually enhanced it. The other side of territorial confinement was a greatly reduced level of tolerance, or a lower boiling point, manifested time and again in the now familiar pre-emptive, precipitate, seemingly trigger-happy Israeli military strikes.

The Insecurity Council

But if peace in the immediate framework of the conflict requires allaying Israeli anxieties and reducing the chances for the attainment of Arab goals, the behavior of the international community toward the disputed region generally has the opposite effects. Here, in a nutshell, are the built-in dynamics of violence in the Middle East.

In the international community, the Arabs outweigh Israel consistently. At the heart of this difference

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is the vast disparity in numbers, connections, and wealth between the opponents. Support for Israel is generally more contingent and more limited than support for the Arabs. Stronger associations with Israel, particularly by major powers, are seen not merely as deviations but also as embarrassing deviations. With the consequent premium on clandestine relations, Israel sometimes appears weaker diplomatically than it is; but the fact that many powers, including Greece (a NATO member), the Vatican City, and India, still refuse normal ties with Israel emphasizes its basic international weakness.

In the United Nations, where affiliations are made both more publicly and collectively than elsewhere, the general pro-Arab bias becomes more systematic and pronounced. The Arabs muster enough strength in the General Assembly to defeat any binding recommendation they dislike, even without Soviet-bloc help. The Soviets perform this function for them in the more powerful Security Council, where the Muslim (if not always Arab) world is permanently represented and Israel permanently excluded. Recently the Council went so far as to deny Israel even the customary right of prompt reply to Arab accusations.

This international machinery varies not in being pro-Israel or pro-Arab but in being more or less pro-Arab. Israel sees "victories" in the U.N. when the most pronounced pro-Arab decisions are averted; Arab "defeats" occur when only moderately pro-Arab decisions are passed. From the Israeli point of view, the United Nations framework is one in which the Arabs are allowed to relate to Israel as if there were war, while Israel must relate to the Arabs as if there were peace. This is why Israelis instinctively regard U.N. actions as threats to their security, however incomprehensible this attitude seems to Americans who naturally think of the U.N. as a power for peace.

THE IMPLICATIONS of this analysis of the dynamics of war in the Middle East clearly deny certain conventional assumptions on this vital subject.

Thus the idea of "bringing the weight of world opinion to bear on the side of peace in the Middle East" is a contradiction in terms under prevailing circumstances. In general, the "weight" of the world community weighs against peace in that area. This is not to say that some international intrusions are less destabilizing than others, or that some are exceptions to the pattern, but merely to point up the intrinsic fallacy of the popular notion.

More specifically, the involvement of the United Nations in the conflict is not inherently desirable. Indeed, within the framework of the situation as it has developed over the past two decades, the presumption in this respect should be precisely the opposite.

Another questionable proposition is that peace in the Middle East requires some equitable compromise of opposing claims. Urging an "even-handed" or "balanced" settlement of the conflict is certainly popular and sounds fair. But one must not confuse a mere conflict of interest among mutually tolerating contestants, where "balancing of claims" applies, with one in which survival is the issue, where it patently does not. Under prevailing circumstances, a conventional balancing of the two sides in the Middle East means bolstering, not weakening, the acute compulsions in that area.

However disturbing it may be, we must face up to the fact that peace with justice in the Middle East is not attainable now. Since we dare not envisage the peace that would follow extermination of Israel, we are stuck with conditions that the Arabs feel to be grossly unjust. It is the inevitable and bitter implication of this analysis that, given these conditions, the minimizing of massive warfare in the area is consistent not with alleviating that sense of injustice but with precisely the opposite.

What, then, is the outlook? Prophecy, once so congenial to the Holy Land, is not now particularly suited to its affairs. Yet some vital dimensions are apparent, even if their precise interaction remains open.

To begin with, nothing will eliminate the threat of war. When robbed of even their illusions of eliminating Israel, the Arabs might just possibly launch a last, supremely futile jihad. One wonders, however, whether anything, anything at all, could ever really shatter Arab illusions.

As for the international community, its usual impact on the irrational drives in the area has been offset by the perhaps temporary departure of American power from conventional patterns. If the ultimate extent of this deviation is unclear, there is little doubt that even American influence with Israel has been curtailed in vital respects through the apparent abandonment of Israel by the western powers in the crisis leading up to the June war.

No Exit

Since Israel has lost all faith in external guarantees and organizations, any arrangement with the Arabs other than the post-June territorial status or some other radical departure from the prewar situation will be resisted. But since the Israelis too have not entirely disabused themselves of all their old illusions, they are likely to take some risks in return for peace treaties, whose worth they greatly exaggerate. Thus the greatest apparent departure from pre-June conditions by the Arabs—the conclusion of formal peace treaties—would paradoxically secure for them the smallest possible real departure from pre-June days.

Will the Arabs be able to seize this gradually diminishing opportunity? So far they have shown themselves unable to do so. There are many reasons for this tragic paralysis; but basically, their inability to accept real Jewish statehood reduces any settlement with it to manipulating either the past or the future. At every stage of the conflict so far, the Arabs have rejected offers only to clamor for them after these were superseded by more onerous conditions. There is every indication that they are again absorbed in their obsession with the status quo ante. Israeli expansionism, to which they ascribe the consequences of these curious mechanics, is in reality a weak force, which in the last resort feeds only on Arab compulsion.

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Rats, People, And Politics

THOMAS R. BROOKS

When Congress authorized $40 million for rat extermination last September, a Wall Street securities analyst created a brief flurry in "rat stocks" by listing the leading manufacturers of pesticides. The Purdue University News Bureau announced "revisions" in the school's eight-year-old correspondence course in pest-control technology, giving greater emphasis to the problems of rat control and making the course available to public-health people throughout the nation. At the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, O. Wayne Rollins, chairman and president of Rollins, Inc., an Atlanta-based firm that embraces Orkin Exterminating Company, Inc. ("by far the world's largest pest control company"), called upon the nine Federal agencies concerned with rat control "to coordinate their efforts . . . [and] supply the motivation and effective leadership to the local authorities and the private sector of the economy to insure maximum efficiency in rat control." And, Rollins added, "We are prepared to offer the advice, training, technology and personnel to carry out these goals whenever we are called upon to do so." At this moment, Rollins's offer seems premature. Despite the authorization, Congress has yet to come up with the cash.

In his 1967 message to Congress on urban and rural poverty, President Johnson requested $20 million a year to initiate a major eradication program. He said it was a "national disgrace" that many children in America were "attacked, maimed, and even killed by rats." Under the original legislation, the Department of Housing and Urban Development was to provide grants to assist participating localities in developing and carrying out rat-control programs, including systematic extermination, improvement of refuse and garbage collection, etc. But Congress, in a sardonic and punitive mood following last summer's Newark riots, rejected the rat-control bill, 207 to 176. By September, the House had second thoughts and reversed itself, 227 to 173, tacking onto the Partnership for Health bill an increased authorization for Section 314 (e) Health, Education and Welfare project grants of $20 million in fiscal 1968 and another $20 million in fiscal 1969. So-called "e" money is not earmarked for continuing public-health programs and hence is available for new ones.

Although the authorization measure does not even mention rats, Congress's intent to do something about them was made abundantly clear in the House discussion and in a Senate report. Nonetheless, as a HEW spokesman quickly pointed out when I asked what was currently afoot in the war against rats, "Congress didn't give us any money." Most of the $62.5 million appropriated previously by Congress for "e" project grants for fiscal 1968 is already committed, leaving about $5 million "for new projects, including rats." Whether or not Congress will come up with the $20-million supplementary appropriation this session depends on the loudness of demands from local and state governments and community organizations for "rat money" in an election year.

Oddly enough in this research-and-development age, we don't know as much about rats as one might expect. What we do know about rat behavior rests almost entirely upon studies of laboratory rats (an albino strain bred out of the brown rat) or of caged wild rats. Ecologists and other students of animal behavior nowadays strongly caution against projecting inferences about animal behavior based on caged animals onto their free brethren. Yet we do just this, almost without reservation, with rats.

Rats admittedly are hard to find; they live and apparently thrive in such unpleasant places as garbage dumps and sewers. And hard to take; they are carriers of the plague, salmonella (a food-poisoning bacterium), rabies, endemic typhus, and some thirty-one other diseases. "The Common or Brown rat," the English zoologists G. E. H. Barrett-Hamilton and M. A. C. Hinton declared a half century ago, "is probably the most injurious and universal pest of the human race. . . . It does not appear to have a single redeeming fea-

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ture." Nor, one might add, a single human friend, though S. A. Barnett in *Scientific American* recently ventured the opinion that rats, chiefly because of their ability to survive, "are worth study for their own sake and not only as pests."

Scientific study might lead to a more accurate account of rat behavior and ultimately allow for a wiser and more efficient expenditure of energies and money in getting rid of rats. We do not even know how many rats there are in the United States or the real extent of the damage they do. However, the U.S. rat population is frequently estimated at some ninety million, and according to a leaflet issued by the Public Health Service, rats and mice together ruin at least $400 million worth of food each year.

The Nature of the Beast

Rattus norvegicus, the Norway or brown rat, is the dominant species, especially in the urban slums. The male reaches a weight of one pound and a body length of nine inches. A burrower, the Norway rat varies in color; some are black and some brown, a matter of some confusion when it comes to quick identification. *Rattus rattus,* the black or roof rat, commonly believed to have been responsible for the Black Plague of the Middle Ages, thrives in warmer climates. In the north, it is found in port cities as a rat minority living in attics, while the brown rat congregates in cellars and sewers or burrows in garbage-strewn lots and city dumps. The more delicate black rat rarely weighs more than eleven ounces or exceeds seven inches in body length. Though black in the city, *Rattus rattus* is often tawny-coated in the countryside.

Both species are prolific breeders. Sexually mature after four months, with a gestation period of three weeks, the female can easily rear four six-pup litters a year. There is a fair amount of evidence that rats rarely live beyond two years although their life span is three to five years. Crowding may interfere with breeding and rats become much more aggressive when hungry. Demolition and urban renewal, too, set them in motion, accounting for the rats seen in new office buildings located in areas undergoing redevelopment. Rats are prodigious gnawers. Their four incisors grow roughly four inches a year, so they must gnaw or die. They chew on almost anything—through half-inch sheets of aluminum, lead pipes (to seek running water), and into soft concrete. They are suspected of starting one out of every four fires of unknown origin.

According to reports, some fourteen thousand people a year in the United States are bitten by rats. Most—perhaps as high as ninety per cent—are infants. Dr. Alan Donaldson, associate director of the Public Health Service's Bureau of Disease Prevention and Environmental Control, believes that rat bites are underreported. "We don't have a nationwide system for reporting rat bites," he told me. He estimates more than twenty thousand bites a year but less than fifty thousand.

Though rats make headlines in our big-city newspapers from time to time, we have made considerable progress in rat control. L. A. Penn, director of the environmental tech-

nical services division of Milwaukee's health department, reports that no rat-borne diseases have been noted in Milwaukee in the last twenty years. Detroit reduced the incidence of rat-transmitted disease from more than a dozen cases of hemorrhagic jaundice in the 1940's to an average of less than one a year in the early 1960's and none last year. Reported rat bites there have fallen from 123 in 1951 to eight during the first half of 1967. The city uses fifty thousand pounds of anti-coagulant poisons and treats more than thirty thousand rat burrows yearly.

Rat-bite fever, according to Donaldson, is very rare in this country, as are cases of other rat-spread diseases. Nevertheless, he told me that he was "not comfortable" with the rat situation. "Wherever you have rats and fleas," he said, "there is a possibility of the introduction of the plague organism into the rat population and its spread to man. It is highly desirable to reduce the rat population in urban areas. Nobody should have to live with them."

We are, I gather from talking to a number of experts, doing just about as much as can be done when it comes to poisoning rats. Indeed, this worries some people, for there are reports that rats are developing immunity to some of the more widely used poisons, such as Warfarin, the anticoagulant. As for sterilizers, these remain laboratory experiments at present, though New York State plans field tests of rat birth-control pills in 1969.

Much remains to be done, however, in cleaning up garbage-littered streets, back yards, and building lots in our cities. The closed garbage can remains a major weapon in the war against rats. This often is an educational matter backed up by hounding landlords into providing enough cans for their tenants.

Last summer, the Labor Department granted $300,000 to Pride, Inc., a Washington, D.C., anti-poverty agency, to hire nine hundred youths at $56 a week for a slum clean-up campaign and a rat-control program. In New York, where Governor Nelson Rockefeller provided anti-rat funds when Congress backed away last summer, the $750,000 allocated to New York City is being spent to train and employ some 150 "sanitation aides" to clean up rat-infested lots and back yards.

THIS is what we can expect as local and state governments tap Federal rat funds. There is now considerable evidence of interest in the program. In the regional offices as of April 1, there were twenty-nine applications amounting to $17.5 million from city, county, and state health departments and from private non-profit organizations. Nevertheless, Congress, in its present economy mood, might be tempted to pass over rat control when it makes supplementary appropriations this session. But it isn't apt to treat the matter as lightly as it did last summer because the rat, as a symbol of slum conditions, now is more than a menace to health. It is a political reality that must be dealt with.

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Emma Brady's Dream

JAMES T. McCARTIN

PERHAPS my memory is deceiving me because my grandmother used to take me with her whenever she went visiting, but it seems to me that there were an unusual number of widows on the street where I grew up in Brooklyn. On each of its corners there was a tenement with eight flats over a store. The rest of the street had three-story frame houses, the first two floors of which belonged to the owners of the house, with the third floor rented out. Only one house on the street had steam heat, and its owners were considered wealthy, not so much because of the heat but because Mr. Lighting had a steady job. Most people on the street worked on the docks or their adjoining packing houses a block away, and in the 1930's they considered themselves doing well if they worked two days a week.

My grandmother was one of the widows. Her husband had died in 1902 in Leitrim, and in 1930 my father brought her to America to take care of me and my sister Kathleen after my mother died. We owned our house, and lived in the parlor floor and ground floor until my father died. Then we had to move to the third floor so we could get the better rent available for the other two. My grandmother almost lost the house before she agreed to this change, because she alone of the widows had a large parlor.

My favorite widow was Mrs. Rossini. Her parents had sent her to America to marry Mr. Rossini when she was sixteen, and she became the mother of four children, the oldest of whom was seventeen. Ten years after she came to America Mr. Rossini died, and the following year she went to bed for the remaining twenty years of her life. When she died they found under her pillow a picture of the boy she had been in love with in Sicily before her parents sent her to America. She was the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, and I used to love sitting on the foot of her bed watching her as my grandmother told her what was going on in the neighborhood. As far as I know she never attempted to explain what illness kept her in bed, and the closest she ever came to complaining was when she would ask my grandmother to stop telling her a funny story because laughing hurt her side. I always hoped that my grandmother would say something particularly nasty about the neighbors because I got a thrill seeing Mrs. Rossini's brilliant white teeth sparkle in her dimly lit room.

Next to Mrs. Rossini, my favorite was Mrs. Anteboni. Strictly speaking she wasn't a widow. Her husband had had an accident on the docks, and went to Italy to recuperate. He never returned, and when Mrs. Anteboni learned that he was living with a young woman there she said, "He's dead, dead. He's dead. That's all." And it was all. Afterwards the neighbors spoke of him in the past tense.

ALTHOUGH these were my favorite widows, they weren't my grandmother's. She found it difficult to cope with their strange accents and strange foods, and her complaint against Mrs. Rossini was not that she spent all her time in bed but that she lived on black olives and ricotta cheese. Had she lived on tea she wouldn't have minded at all. Her favorite widow was Mary Kelly, who was known on the street as Her Ladyship. When Mrs. Kelly was young her husband had been a successful contractor, and while he was still in his twenties he was able to build Mrs. Kelly a twenty-room house next to St. Michael's Church. But before he was thirty he fell off a scaffold and died, leaving Mrs. Kelly with her house, two children, and a great many debts. Mrs. Kelly held onto the house as long as she could —far longer than she should have— but finally was forced to sell it and move to a third-story flat on our street. A year after, her son Tom, aged fourteen, was killed robbing a store. Her daughter Emma then married a merchant mariner who left her after two months of marriage. Since she never heard from him again, Emma was for all practical purposes a widow too.

I didn't like going on my grandmother's interminable visits to Mrs. Kelly's because my grandmother and Mrs. Kelly always fought like sisters whenever they got together, and each visit would end with my grandmother saying to me and my sister, "So help me God, I'll never visit that skithery-looking object again." I got somewhat used to these arguments, but I never was able to get used to the way Mrs. Kelly treated Emma. Emma supported herself and Mrs. Kelly by doing housework in the wealthy Shore Road neighborhood near us. Mrs. Kelly somehow managed to make Emma's industry a calculated attempt to make her unhappy. "Now look what she's brought home to me," she'd say to my grandmother. "Did you ever in your whole life see such a rag of a coat? 'It'll be nice for your mother,' the snooty thing said to Emma. Nice for her mother indeed. When my Peter was living, I would no more think of putting a rag like that on my back than I'd stoop to visiting the likes of her."

Between Mrs. Kelly and her runaway husband, Emma's pretty face had become blurred, except for her soft brown eyes, which always seemed luminous with tears. Her attempts to defend herself or her employers against Mrs. Kelly were always ineffectual.

"AFTER ALL, Mother, they don't have to give us anything. They could give it to the St. Vincent de Paul. I only work for them."

"Isn't that just what I'm saying?

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Work, work, work, that's all Emma does. She goes to those people and puts up with their abuse, and takes their charity. But who has to take care of this house? Who, I ask you? Me, that's who. A poor old woman who was used to better things. Mrs. McCartin, do you know who put down half the sidewalks in this neighborhood? Pete Kelly, that's who. If you'd get off your seat once in awhile and walk down to Forty-Sixth Street, you'd see his label printed on the sidewalk: 'Peter Kelly—Contractor.' When he was alive we had a better house than any of those things out on Shore Road. And we ate. There wasn't a day that went by that we didn't have two kinds of meat and four kinds of vegetables. Pete could eat six lamb chops at a meal. And do you know what herself tells me? She says that one of those things she works for counts the peas she puts on the plates. Ten peas each she ladles out. Ten. She'd have a fit if she made a mistake and found she'd given her husband twelve. Of course you wouldn't understand that kind of thing either, because you're used to the other side where you lived on cabbage and tea."

"What do you mean, cabbage and tea?" My grandmother never minded the conversations when someone else was the object of Mrs. Kelly's abuse, but when it turned on her, I knew that the visit was coming to a close.

"You know what I mean. You've said it yourself."

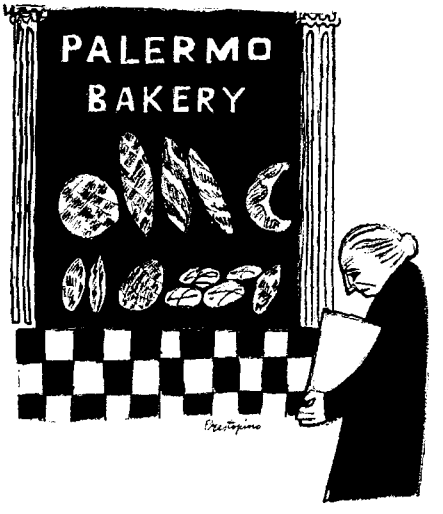
"Well, what's wrong with cabbage and tea? We had eggs too, which is more than I can afford now."

"I'll bet you had an egg. You forget I'm from Leitrim myself and I know how many eggs you had. You were lucky if you had two a year. Peter could eat a dozen at a time and we could afford it too."

"Well, he must have been a gem. It's too bad he didn't know how to provide for his widow. I have my house, and my boy left me enough that I don't have to go on home relief, but what would you do if you didn't have poor sweet Emma working her fingers to the bone to keep you from the streets? If Emma was to leave you the way she would if she had a grain of sense, you'd be like Mrs. Rossini waiting for your relief check and getting tickets for your milk."

"What's that you're saying! Have you the gall to sit in my house and criticize a saint like Peter? It's no wonder nobody likes you. I hope and pray to God that from this day on I'll have the foresight to bolt the door the instant you knock."

EMMA and I were both pleased when the visit got to this point, I because now I could go out on the street and play, and Emma because it meant that Mrs. Kelly's chronic rage was directed against my grandmother for the next four or five days. After each visit there usually was a week or two in which my grandmother vowed she would never see Mrs. Kelly again. Then there would be a period of softening in which she'd mention from time to time that Mary Kelly had her points. "You can at least understand what she's talking about. And she knows how to make a cup of tea. Of course Mrs. Rice can too, but she never stops complaining. Now Mary Kelly has spirit, and no one can pull the wool over her eyes. *She'd* never let any relief man tell her that she had no right to buy ice cream for her children. God help us, I'd love to be there if ever anyone tried to tell her anything like that." Imagining the scene would cheer her up so much, I'd know that in a day or two we'd be going back for the next fight.



Yet my grandmother was genuinely sorry for Emma. "Even if she has no spirit, there's no excuse for Mary to pick on her the way she does. Emma's a good woman, and she's no fool. One day the worm will turn. I hope, God spare me, I'll be there when it does."

God spared her, and not only was she there, but she was partially responsible for the turning worm, though Ada Anteboni gets the most credit for it. Ada was Mrs. Anteboni's daughter-in-law. Though she was only in her thirties, and was not one of the widows, she was so much involved with them that I regarded her as part of my grandmother's circle. It was a tribute to Ada that my grandmother liked her, not only because Ada was a big woman, which my grandmother considered unladylike, but she was homely, and my grandmother believed that looks were reflections of character. My grandmother said of Ada, "It shows you, seeing what she looks like, that looks aren't everything." It was the first time I heard this truth, and it came as a genuine surprise. Only someone of Ada's indomitable good will could have persuaded my grandmother that looks weren't everything.

ADA was almost thirty before she married Johnny Anteboni, Mrs. Anteboni's oldest son. Johnny had supported the family from the age of fourteen when Mr. Anteboni went to Italy, and he managed to keep them off home relief. He sold vegetables from a pushcart, delivered groceries, washed pots and pans in the corner diner, and when no jobs were available he went from door to door asking people if they needed anything painted or fixed. He ran messages for Julio Franco, the neighborhood bookie, and if things became really desperate, he went to the railroad yards and broke into the cars for whatever he could steal and sell. But he had seen too many boys in the neighborhood sent to reform school to steal except in emergencies, and he knew that if he were put away his family would have to go on home relief, so basically his activities were honest.

Johnny was almost a foot shorter than Ada, but from the day they met at the junk store on Forty-Seventh Street where they were selling newspapers and rags, they were in love. Like Johnny, Ada was the mainstay of her family. Her father had deserted her mother, leaving six children behind. Mrs. Dombrowski got a job dipping candies, and Ada, the oldest

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child at thirteen, became the family mother and raised the five other children. Johnny and Ada were twenty-three when they met, and neither of them had ever had a date. Yet they were sure from the first moment they met they should get married, and within a month Johnny brought Ada home to Mrs. Anteboni. Mrs. Anteboni liked her so much, she didn't care that Johnny was marrying a Polack instead of an Italian. When Johnny got a full-time job packing olives at Bush Terminal and found that it was relatively secure, he married Ada and she moved into Mrs. Anteboni's, leaving her family in the care of the next oldest daughter, who was now seventeen and able to take over Ada's role. When she moved to Fiftieth Street, Ada adopted half of it. She could have been awful because she was continually cheerful, endlessly energetic, and deeply interested in everyone's affairs. Fortunately, she never considered that she was doing good. All her activities seemed to erupt from her extraordinary vitality, so that her good works were like seeds popping from an exploding pod. Although she led to Emma's assertion of independence, it would never have occurred to her to instigate the assertion because she acted on impulse, and none of her impulses were to hurt.

All of the Italian families on our street made their own wine, and since they had little else to give, each Christmas they gave half gallons of their wine to the non-Italian families. Each Christmas Mrs. Anteboni proudly presented my grandmother with a bottle, which my grandmother, hypocrite that she was, used to receive warmly and keep long enough to pretend she was using it before pouring it down the sink. Then Ada brought the gift, and her visit coincided with the sole occasion Emma Brady came to visit my grandmother without her mother. My grandmother felt she had to offer them some of the wine, and even took a small glass of it herself. Much to my grandmother's surprise, Emma not only took and drank one glass, she accepted a second one, and said to Ada, "Have one with me too, would you, I'm a little low."

"Why not? Don't worry, Mom, I'll bring you another bottle since Emma and me is finishing this. What are you feeling low about, Emma? You're one of the lucky ones. There's hardly anyone on the block but you and Mrs. Dunhill that has a steady job. You're on Easy Street."

"I should be thankful, I know, but I can't take no more. My mother'll drive me to drink if she don't stop picking on me. As if it wasn't enough humiliation to have a husband run out on you, she has to remind me of it every day without fail. What can *I* do about it? I didn't want him to run off. I haven't complained that I'm alone with no children. I'm more like an old maid than a married woman, and every day I have to work where I can see that others are living in the lap of luxury while I have to sleep in a cold bed."

With that she started crying, and seeing tears finally flow from those tearful eyes was so awesome that my grandmother could do nothing but cover her mouth and stare speechlessly. Ada got furious.

"Well, damn it, Emma, don't let her make you cry. It's one thing to be good to your mother, but it's another to let her make you a rug. You come over with me right now, and you tell her what you said to us."

"*I can't. You don't know her.*"

"What do you mean I don't know her. I know her like my foot. But don't fool yourself. It's no good for her to get away with abusing you. It's like old Dunhill beating his wife. She puts up with it. She don't fight back or call the cops. She don't do nothing. Well, what's happened to him? He's feminate. He knows he's not a man beating someone who won't fight back, and he's stopped being manly. I don't like to tell you, Emma, but you're hurting your mother by putting up with her abuse. Isn't that right, Mom?"

"I don't know what that old mollycoddle Mr. Dunhill has to do with Emma, but I'll tell you this, *I* wouldn't put up with it. Only I'll tell you another thing, Ada. You shouldn't butt in."

At that moment I saw Mrs. Kelly coming across the street to our house.

"Nana, she's coming over. Ada, are you going to fight with her?"

"No, she's not, and you mind your own business."

When Mrs. Kelly came to our flat she sensed that something was wrong even though Emma had wiped the tears from her eyes. She looked at everyone suspiciously, then focused her eyes on the glasses of wine.

"Well, Mrs. McCartin, have you opened a speakeasy now?"

"Well, what if I have? It shows what enterprise I have."

"*Enterprise is it? It's the first of that I've seen in you.*"

For a second Ada's mouth looked ominously tight, but then she relaxed.

"Mrs. Kelly, every time I hear the words that come out of your mouth I can't believe you're the same lady that used to have the big house on Fortieth Street. I remember when I was a kid and we used to pass it on our way to Sunset Park, my mother would always say that you was the only beautiful girl she had ever seen who was down to earth and wasn't conceited and that you was the most fun of anyone she ever met. But when I moved to Fiftieth Street and met you I couldn't believe you was the same person. All you gotta do is walk in a room and everyone puts his boxing gloves on. What is it with you, anyway?"

"*It's life, that's what it is.*"

"How's arguing going to help life? Besides, there isn't anyone on this block who hasn't had as much trouble as you've had. Maybe you lost a lot when your husband died broke and you lost your house, but at least you had a big house once, and you can look back on good times. You should count your blessings. Here, have a glass of wine and smile."

"That stuff. I wouldn't touch it. It's like drinking vinegar. I'll have a cup of tea, Rose Ann."

"All right, have your tea, but Emma and me's gonna have another glass. Right, Emma?"

"I will, I think I will."

"Have you taken to drink now?"

"What if I have? It's not costing you anything."

"A fine way to talk to your mother. I suppose it's what you have to expect. When you get old the world turns you out and your kin's in front pushing hardest."

"Bull. If everyone had kids like

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Emma, it would be a good world. I'll tell you right to your face, Mrs. Kelly. I don't know how Emma can put up with you. I'll say it right now. Emma, how do you put up with her?"

Emma's three glasses of wine was more alcohol than she'd had over the past ten years, and she was in that nice euphoric stage in which one is superior to his surroundings and his company. Her face had a slight smile and her eyes were bright and focused outside the room.

"How do I put up with it? How do I put up with a lot of things? I'll tell you how I put up with it, and I've never told a living soul before. I put up with it because I have my dream."

This alarmed Mrs. Kelly. "What do you mean, you have your dream? What are you talking about?"

With that, Emma made a grand gesture with her glass of wine, spilling half of it over the table. "As long as I have my dream I'm all right."

"Rose Ann, you better get a dishrag. Her ladyship with her dream is stewed."

"It's all right. I'm going home."

EMMA left majestically stewed, followed by Ada. My grandmother stored away the wine preparatory to throwing it away and made tea. When they sat, it became obvious that Mrs. Kelly was unnerved. "Now what do you think she meant by that? What is her dream?"

"I'm sure I don't know. It must be something if it's able to keep her going with all she has to put up with."

"Now what are you saying that for, Rose Ann? Don't I love her? You'd think if she had a dream she'd share it with me. That's only right."

Much as my grandmother tried to cheer Mrs. Kelly up, she kept returning to Emma's dream, and finally she was so depressed she went home after only two cups of tea. From that day on, her attitude to Emma changed. Naturally she continued to abuse her as she abused everyone, but the old spark was gone, and if she continued the abuse too long, Emma would say, "That's all right, I don't care. I have my dream," and when she said this, Mrs. Kelly was crushed.

The same year Emma got her dream, a new widow was added to the number on the street when Mr. Dunhill died. Mr. Dunhill had been a periodic drinker, his periods depending on his ability to find work. He was a good carpenter but hardly anyone could afford a carpenter, and he was lucky to find one or two good jobs a month. It was Mrs. Dunhill who kept their house going. She worked for a countess on Park Avenue, and her job even now strikes me as the ultimate in conspicuous consumption—she cleaned the crystal in the countess's duplex apartment. No other servant was allowed to touch as much as a facet of crystal, and Mrs. Dunhill concerned herself with nothing else. It was a good job because it was steady,

but bad in the respect that Mr. Dunhill knew his wife always had money. When he wanted money for drink he beat her until she gave him some. When he wasn't drinking he was the mildest man imaginable, almost "feminate," as Ada said, and Mrs. Dunhill had no clue when he'd turn mean. When he did it was usually after she was in bed. He'd take all the knobs off the doors and chase her until she'd give him whatever money she had. One night the beating didn't do him any good because she didn't have a cent, and he went into the cellar where he drank alcohol from the top of cans of shellac and he died.

There was little mourning for him. Mrs. Kelly summed up the neighbors' feelings when she said, "I'll tell you what punishment he'll have in hell. He'll be in a room with a hundred doors and a huge bottle will start chasing him, and when he tries to get out the doors the knobs will fall off in his hand." Ada said that this was a most unchristian attitude, but without much conviction. She could not work up much sympathy for Mr. Dunhill's plight in the afterlife, but she alone sympathized with Mrs. Dunhill's extended period of mourning. Mrs. Dunhill outdid all the Italian ladies in the neighborhood in her trappings of grief. She wore a black veil so thick you couldn't see her face, and she continued wearing it for the remaining four years of her life. No one minded her dress, since it was considered good form to wear the trappings of grief, but she also told anyone who stopped to talk with her about her Bill, his gentleness, his good heart, and the terrible disappointments he had had in life. She stopped talking to my grandmother when my grandmother, after hearing some of this talk, said, "That's strange. I didn't know he was such a saint. Who was it then that chased you around your flat with the doorknobs off?"

Ada alone was philosophic about Mrs. Dunhill's vision. "You can't judge about husband and wife. If she says he was good she knows how much the good added up against the bad. A husband who's never done a bit of wrong mightn't have done a bit of good either. If she says he was good she must know. There's some men who wouldn't take a drop but who cheat. If I had a choice with Johnny cheating or drinking, I wouldn't think twice about choosing the drink. Besides, she's all alone now . . . "

IT WAS some time before the excitement of Mr. Dunhill's death died down, and it held sway in all conversation until the McCarthy twins suffocated in their bedroom from coal gas. Then Emma started failing, and for the six months it took to die of cancer she was the center of conversation.

Everyone said it was her fall that started her decline. One night she came home and told Mrs. Kelly that she got dizzy while hanging a curtain and fell, hurting her back. She had to stay in bed for two days. She re-

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turned to work, only to feel sick a few days after. From then on she was sick in bed for a day or two a week until she was fired. After two months they had to go on home relief. My grandmother's favorite ploy in arguments with Mrs. Kelly had always been that if anything happened to Emma, Mrs. Kelly would have to go on relief, but it was one thing to imagine Mrs. Kelly's comedown and another to witness it.

When Mrs. Kelly told my grandmother about it, she was shaking with sobs. "You said it, Rose Ann, you said it. And now it's happened. I had to apply for relief. From now on it's the stranger who'll feed us, and we'll have to tell them why we didn't buy shoes instead of socks, and if I buy a piece of lamb, they'll be telling me that beef is less. For seventy years I've been on my own and never had to ask anything from a stranger. Now everything's from a stranger. Poor Emma got a letter today from one of the things she worked for for fifteen years, and they said that they were sorry that she was sick, and they wished her the best, and they'd be glad to give her a reference anytime. But she'll need no references. My finger's bigger than her wrist. When I was young I thought I'd find myself one day surrounded by children in a large house with a dog beside me. Now the relief wouldn't let me have a dog, and my poor Emma's lying in pain. Not that she complains. You wouldn't know she had a nerve, but when she thinks I'm not around I can hear her moans, and one night when she thought I was asleep I heard her cry, 'God let me die.' I'll tell you one thing, Rose Ann, I'll confess I was jealous that Emma had her dream and wouldn't share it with me. Now I'm glad she has it to herself because it's the only thing that helps her now, and sometimes when I bathe her brow and ask if it's too bad she'll say, 'No, I have my dream.' I'm glad for that. I wish I wasn't so old I had none left myself."

ADA was at her kindest when Emma was dying. Every day she brought her soup. She washed sheets and bedpans, and told Emma stories of the neighborhood. When Emma's room stank of illness so that even Mrs. Kelly was anxious to get outside, Ada sat beside Emma and told her about her children and her dreams for them, and gave Emma her hand to squeeze when the pain became bad.

She was the one who got the priest for Emma's Extreme Unction, and woke my grandmother up so that she would be with Mrs. Kelly when Emma passed away. My sister and I stayed at home, but we stood at the window watching the shadows move behind the shades across the street, in the one flat with burning lights. After an hour we heard a cry and recognized Mrs. Kelly's voice, and then my grandmother's voice and her crying too. Hearing the cries in

the middle of the silent night frightened us, and we took our dog to bed and held him for comfort till we fell asleep.

Ada took over the arrangements for Emma's funeral. At Mass the following Sunday, Father Nolan announced that there would be a Solemn High Requiem Mass for Emma, and my grandmother was so astonished at this extravagance, her "Well!" could be heard throughout the church and was followed by a thin, repressed wave of giggles. After church she caught hold of Mrs. Anteboni. "What's this about a Solemn High Requiem Mass and them on relief. Is that allowed?"

"Don't aska me. That'sa Ada. She does everything."

My grandmother could hardly wait to get to see Mrs. Kelly and ask her, but she knew little more than Mrs. Anteboni. "All Ada keeps telling me is that it's all right. She's taking care of everything and God knows I'm glad. If ever there was a saint, it was Emma and she deserves a Solemn High Mass."

"Of course she does. I didn't say otherwise, did I? I was just surprised."

The Mass was set for seven o'clock and when we got to church we expected the usual fifteen or twenty people found at funerals, but even though we arrived early, the center seats were almost full. As we sat, so many people came, my grandmother could hardly keep her seat, she was so curious about the crowd. Johnny Anteboni came with the longshoremen who shaped up with him, looking, with their clean overalls, polished work shoes, and carefully sheathed baling hooks, like a uniformed guard of honor. Then Julio Franco, the neighborhood bookie, walked down the aisle, resplendent in a blue serge suit and brilliantly polished black shoes, followed by five of his equally shining associates. One after the other, the neighbors came, people who barely spoke to Emma and many of whom hadn't spoken to Mrs. Kelly in years. My grandmother fidgeted so much I had the unusual opportunity of reminding *her* that she was at church and should sit still. She sat still for an instant, but it was too much for her when she saw Mrs. Dunhill coming down the aisle with Ada. She poked me so hard it hurt. "I thought that she'd freeze in hell before she'd set her foot in a Catholic Church. It's a mystery what's going on."

IT WAS a mystery until the final blessing of the coffin, when Father Nolan stopped and raised his hand. "Fellow parishioners, today you and especially you, Ada Anteboni, have done a beautiful thing. It was this good woman Emma Brady's dream that she would have a Solemn High Mass when she died and that all of her neighbors would come to it to pray for her soul. You have made her dream come true."

Soon Mrs. Kelly began speaking of Emma as personifying saintliness as her Pete did. My grandmother was too objective to agree to that, but nonetheless she envied Emma, and when she was depressed she'd say, "What have I ever had in life but trouble and when I'm dead it won't be a bit better. I'll have no Solemn High Mass with no neighbors there. My luck what it is, Ada will move a month before I die."

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Classy Stuff

ANDREW M. GREELEY

THE READER should be warned that deep in the recesses of my Celtic soul there is a lingering dislike for the British. I have no trouble with Jews, Negroes, Orientals, Republicans, and Poles (well, *some* Poles), but it's your bloody Limey that I don't trust. So I ventured forth on a weekend encounter with four cockney movies with misgivings; and nothing much happened during the course of *Bedazzled, Charlie Bubbles, Up the Junction*, and *Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush* to obliterate memories of the Battle of the Boyne.

Bedazzled is a Peter Cook-Dudley Moore version of *Dr. Faustus* with Mr. Cook playing Mephistopheles (or George Spiggott) and Mr. Moore appearing as Faust (or Stanley Moon). Mr. Moore sells his soul to Mr. Cook in order to escape the frustrations of an existence as a waiter behind a short-order lunch counter; but after meeting Mr. Cook's versions of the seven capital sins (most notably Lillian Lust as played by Raquel Welch, whose qualifications for the part are monumental if something more than human) and being gypped by Mr. Cook in a number of attempts to have his dreams come true, Mr. Moore returns to his lunch counter while Mr. Cook, frustrated in his attempt to return to heaven, goes about his old work with commendable diligence. The movie ends with God laughing uproariously at His latest victory. It was the only good laugh of the evening.

Charlie Bubbles is about that now trite figure of the John Osborne school—the working-class writer who has made it big and has found that success brings everything but happiness and peace. All that Bubbles (Albert Finney) wants is to be left alone, but he is harassed successively by a lawyer and an accountant explaining tax dodges, an old working-class chum, domineering help in his mod home, a coed novelist (Liza Minnelli) who divides her time between snapping Polaroid pictures, talking about her "documentary" novel, and seducing a painfully reluctant Bubbles, and a talkative RAF hitchhiker, a bellhop, his ex-wife, his son who deserts him at a football game, former schoolmates, and polite but persistent reporters. Bubbles's response is patience and long-suffering in the face of such adversities, until, walking through the Derbyshire countryside on a brisk and brilliant English morning, he comes upon a giant blue and orange balloon which he boards and floats off into the lovely sky.

It is pretty well established by the time of this self-consciously whimsical ending that Albert Finney can suffer as intensely as Paul Newman, even if his eyes are not quite as pretty. The only other conclusion one might draw is that successful British novelists ought to join the brain drain.

Up the Junction tells how a young woman of the upper class (Suzy Kendall) migrates across the Thames from Chelsea to Battersea (in my view of English geography this would be *down*, not up, but the English are a peculiar people) in hopes of finding authenticity and honesty working in a candy factory and living with the lower class. All she finds, however, is such working-class customs as shorter and tighter miniskirts, motorcycles, loud bars, and young men (Dennis Waterman) who on the first date appealingly ask to be seduced; needless to say, she co-operates. However, Mr. Waterman is shortly unemployed and in jail, and Miss Kendall goes back "down" to Chelsea, conscious that she has messed up his life and has not found the honesty she sought.

Moral: social class is still a problem and attractive young men in Battersea should beware of upper-class young women with social ideals out of the 1920's.

Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush is designed to be a "swinging" romp about adolescent love or rather adolescent sex. Barry Evans, obviously designed to look like an appealing teen-ager, is followed as he pursues a number of "birds"—named, if I remember correctly, Linda, Paula, Caroline, Audrey, and Mary—through a string of bistros and parties that make the decline of the Roman Empire look like a Methodist camp meeting. Mr. Evans becomes increasingly successful in his chase round the Mulberry Bush, and finally succeeds in conquering his own particular mod Beatrice. At this point he wants to change the rules of the game and argue for fidelity and monogamy, but the girl rightly points out that the rules to which they are both committed require more dashing round the bush. So Mr. Evans briefly forswears the game until he spots yet another "bird," who, oddly enough, is a friend of his previous bird. The

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merry chase begins once again—with all the lightness of a herd of elephants stampeding through Manhattan during the Easter parade.

IT MUST BE CONCEDED that the four films are technically superb. The color photography of England's fields and cities, of new skyscrapers and housing "estates," and of old parks and gardens, was so dazzling that one would be tempted to conclude that England was the most beautiful country in the world and that the only thing to do would be to rush over to BOAC and book (as they would say) passage on a VC-10. However, it is well to remember that the filming was done in the sun, which rarely shines in England.

Direction, editing, designing of credits, background music (rock 'n' roll or ballads sung by Beatle-like groups), camera work—are all skillfully executed in the most approved *Tom Jones-The Knack* style. The films were designed to "swing," and swing they do, leaving the reviewer who sees them all within thirty-six hours somewhat dizzy—and wondering whether swinging style can compensate for plodding content. In *Tom Jones,* the mod style matched the substance. Unfortunately, the makers of the latest rash of cockney films seem to think that style generates substance and that fancy camera work and fast-paced editing automatically produce stories that hold one's attention and people about whom one cares.

Part of the boredom of these four movies, for an American, comes from their obsession with social class. While class is as important in the United States as it is in England, if not more important, the boundaries are not so clear and the traditions not so conscious. An American who has visited England or read the "look back in anger" literature may be able to catch both the humor and the irony of class in British films, but he does so only reflectively. An upper-class Anglo-Catholic "God" and a working-class Protestant Devil strike us as being funny only when we stop to think about it and say to ourselves, "Why yes, of course, the English *would* laugh at that, so probably we ought to laugh too. How droll!" Similarly, the distance that success puts between Mr. Finney and his working-class origins and money between Miss Kendall and Mr. Waterman does move us to feelings of compassion, but only when it dawns on us that we ought to feel compassion and not disbelief for what to American eyes looks like stupidity. The experience of social class is universal, but the British experience of it is so specific that we who are unfortunate enough not to be British must watch problems of social class very much from the outside.

Furthermore, since we have had an expanding upper-middle class for somewhat longer than the British, we can be excused from thinking that Mr. Evans and his suburban "birds" are all that light and fluffy. We are inclined to think that the suburban Mulberry Bush is far more tragic than the British have yet realized. They'll learn.

We might further be a bit tired of the mod style's hangup on the putting on and taking off of clothes. We may rejoice that Victorianism is dead in England, and that now the country really "swings," but by this time the message has got through. Nonetheless, many of the male leads and all of the female leads are required to appear in various relatively advanced stages of undress—all, that is, but Miss Kendall, whose tight miniskirts don't leave much to the imagination, in any event. While all of this may be very diverting initially, it soon becomes rather dull, though we are treated to only one sample of what has become almost de rigueur in cockney movies—the horrendous abortion sequence.

HOWEVER, the basic problem with the latest wave of the New Wave is neither social class nor a fixation on human skin. It is, rather, that they are, as the English themselves would say, too clever by half. To "swing," as it is apparently currently defined in England, seems to demand that one be superficial. Not only must the characters in the film be superficial, but they must be treated superficially. They are paraded before us with great display of technical virtuosity, but also usually as two-dimensional figures on which the virtuosity can be hung. It is intended that the audience be impressed with the style and amused by what the style does to the figures it envelops. We laugh at them or feel mildly sorry for them, but just as they are incapable of any sustained relationships with each other, so we are incapable of any sustained concern about them. Finney goes off in his balloon, Moore back to his lunch counter, Evans in pursuit of another bird, and Miss Kendall back to Chelsea, and we yawn and say to ourselves, "So what?" We have been amused, we have been diverted, but we also couldn't care less.

One wonders how much of this is an accurate reflection of a *Playboy* approach to human relationships that seems to be at the roots of most "swinging" elements of mod culture. If one is to "swing," one must not get involved; and if a whole society is determined to "swing" and to have a "super" time, its cultural works will not be able to cope with anything beyond superficial relationships.

Fashions in cinematic techniques reinforce the problem; it is possible, one supposes, to ape *Tom Jones* and still deal seriously with serious questions; but it isn't easy, and the makers of cockney films haven't tried very hard.

It is interesting to compare these four efforts, all dealing one way or another with the follies and the agonies of youthful love, with *The Graduate.* Mike Nichols's work is superior not merely because he is more aware of the tragedy of late adolescence than his English counterparts, nor merely because his genius is far more original than theirs; he cares about Ben Braddock and, while he wants us to laugh at Ben's follies, he wants us to weep over Ben's agonies. There is no sign that we are expected to weep over any of the characters in *Bedazzled, Mulberry Bush, Junction,* or *Charlie Bubbles.* Their creators would be embarrassed if we did.

So it is not especially obvious whether these contributions to the gold outflow are worth the strain on the American economy. But if the importing of mod movies is to continue, the least the British can do is to provide us with English-language subtitles. In addition to their other faults, the British are not very good at speaking English.

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Beyond the Habit of Sense

Setting myself
To see you at your best.
My stare is much too obvious
To be anything but rude.
A balanced gesture to your throat
Sways there, like an old justice
Too slack for you to be unloved.
You are not bad as women go.
A little torn by different beds,
Beyond the habit of sense
You survive my discontent.

Latria

Filled with an odd desire
For permanence.
I search the garden shed
For tools, string, planning my hands
For an old man's craft.
Consider the courage in this.
Line, leaf, and root invade my day
Fastidious and severe.
While the earth breaks easy under my spade,
I see the perfect order
Trusted to the dead.

To Keep Off Ill

I look for some familiar
Object from our lives.
Recognizable marks
To show which way we came.
Marriage is a useless time,
To keep off ill.
Knowing you,
Without the seasons' kind decay,
Keeps you brittle
And still to be attained,
The most juvenile of games to play.
There is no malice
That distorts our day,
No lumbering giant need
That we could hanker for,
Or get the better of.
I hope for the small thing
Beyond the idle tantrum
That tramps around my brain.

—NORMAN JACKSON

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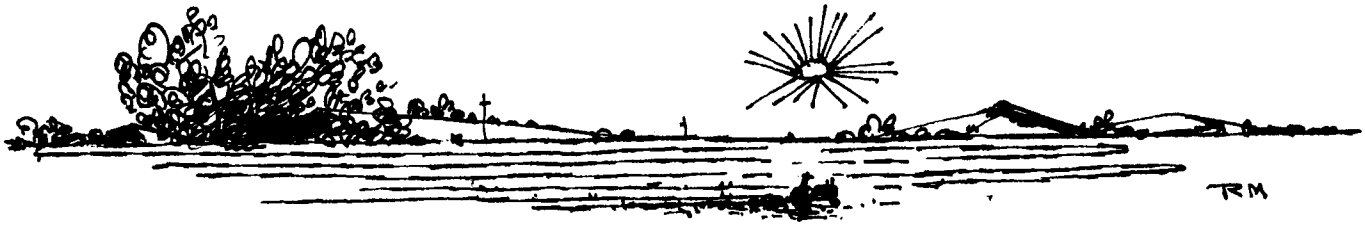
BOOKS



Heart-rendering

MARCUS KLEIN

IN THE HEART OF THE HEART OF THE COUNTRY, by William H. Gass. *Harper & Row. $4.95.*

These five stories are intense, elliptical, and unmitigatedly symbolic, as they have to be because the issue toward which Gass strives is apprehensible in symbols only. The usual subject of the tales is, in one word, immanence; it is their usual object to make ordinary things and events become luminous with the evidence of a supreme and a metaphysical order. In the briefest of the tales, for instance, called "Order of Insects," a housewife recollects her encounter with some roaches. They were dead when she came on them, strewn over her carpets. Her housewifely revulsion turns to awe when she finds in these corpses an intricate stasis, like that of "the dark soul of the world": "But this bug that I hold in my hand and know to be dead is beautiful, and there is a fierce joy in its composition that beggars every other, for its joy is the joy of stone, and it lives in its tomb like a lion." Again, in the story called "Icicles" a real-estate salesman discovers in the icicles hanging from the eaves of his house an image of, as it were, the real reality of his own estate: the radiance of the icicles, their purity, and especially the complicated activity of their growth and diminution, figure the essential pattern of life and death. And there is a moral in such realization, because the recognition of the symbol is the way toward reconciliation of life and death, heat and cold, body and soul, and all other polarities. In the example of the icicle the salesman may learn that his own soul will "have to grow agreeable to its end."

Gass is a fiercely eloquent writer, and in the kind of discovery toward which he moves there are inevitable opportunities for a talented man. All ordinary things, events, and characters, given the initial conception, virtually vibrate with metaphor. All ordinary things are equally open to exploitation, for the simple reason that God is everywhere and awaiting only the language that will unlock the secret. Language itself is the greater part of the action, and the likely logic of the action in Gass's fictions is, indeed, rhetorical: tropes, parodies, vertiginous verbal associations make the movement and the drama. Moreover, the fictions at the outset are provided with great freedom, because everything is grist for the obsession with which they begin—Gass is alternately furious and fluent, cantankerous and cool; his materials are alternately high Biblical and low pornographic, and in each instance serviceable to their end.

Line by line, there is tremendous excitement in all of this. There are also challenges, which Gass does not necessarily take up.

One looks to his one sustained articulation, his novel *Omensetter's Luck*, published in 1966. (The stories in the new book represent no probable development from the novel; some of them were published before.) In the novel Gass told a tale of some inhabitants of a small town on the Ohio River in the 1880's. The inhabitants receive a new citizen, the man Omensetter, who has an aura of miracle about him because he seems to be perfectly a piece and an expression of the natural environment. He is natural, bestial man. By far the largest part of the novel, however, is given to the town's minister, who is professionally obligated to remind the townfolk that they are not beast, and what then actually is the stuff of the drama is not a conflict of theological views but the deliberations of the minister on his antagonism to Omensetter. His deliberations are fervid to the point of insanity. They compose a prayer. And at the end they seem to be reconciled in a realization that divinity and love are in Omensetter, and not in the Law. He ceases to be a minister.

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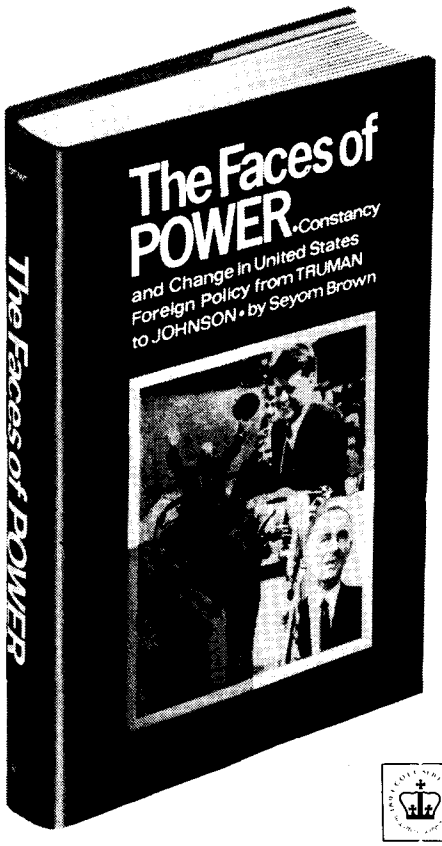
That is a triumph, which is confirmed in irony. The character Omensetter is not much in the novel at all. When near the end he is made manifest in some brief dialogue and action, it turns out that actually he is quite an ordinary fellow, a dismal vessel for all that he has been made to contain. The seeming point is that it is the ordinary precisely, again—nothing so grand as Nature—which is the dwelling of holiness. On the other hand, that deep irony depends on a perception geared entirely to symbols; the evidence is all in the mind of the perceiver. The whole of the presented conflict, by the same measure, and the whole of the story, is in the same place. It has nothing to work on, and by the same token it submits to no outward exigencies. The generating imagination—Gass's—is furious with rhetoric, but still it is claustral, self-enclosed, and abstract.

THE DEEP IRONY with which the novel concluded is just as much an evasive irony. There is much larger triumph potentially available to Gass, as is evidenced by Gass's clear mentor in these matters, Faulkner. The model for Gass's minister, particularly, would seem to be the Reverend Gail Hightower in *Light in August*, who also struggles in a rhetorical frenzy while he is pinned between the polarities of a fundamentalist Calvinism and an idea of natural, prelapsarian benevolence. The difference is that these contraries are in no way arbitrary but have actual and necessary presence. On the one side, the Calvinist side, is the vast justification of Faulkner's history of the South. Gass's locale is the small Ohio town in the 1880's—why? Perhaps because it may exempt him from encountering the pressures of a history and allow freedom for abstract invention. On the other side of Faulkner's Hightower is the character of Lena Grove, the "bovine madonna," as she has been called, who is in every way incredible except that she is really there, and hence the heaviness of the fecund earth is undeniable. On the other side of Gass's minister is the cunning promise of a disembodied option. The greater irony is that the ordinary, which was to be the source for the action, is finally not allowed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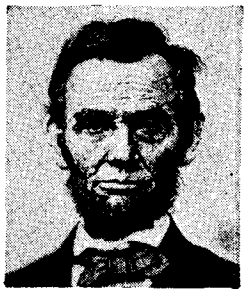

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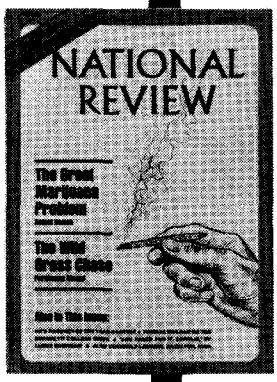

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to intrude on this protagonist's astonishment.

In *Omensetter's Luck,* what was left was a language and a process of symbol-making. But there was a lot of both, and the lot was undeniably gorgeous. In the shorter pieces of the present volume there is, of course, less. The consequence is that these fictions seem no less calculated and no less significant—the basic theme is so highly serious as to be virtually certified—but they appear to be the more unreasonable. The lady of the roaches just happens to have roaches; she takes up her odd entomology, she says, out of a passing feeling of guilt for some cross words to her children, and that is all she says by way of tracing her motivations. The real-estate salesman does live in some circumstances: he has a boss, and some competition in the office, and some customers. But the place of his major striving is at home, and he lives alone. Both stories and two of the other three in the volume are monologues, which is to say that they are the less susceptible to any contingencies. All the protagonists are terribly distraught, and a couple of them are crazy, but they are likely to be far removed from whatever it was that drove them to distraction. They are likely to be Ahabs without a whale.

In just one instance, a story called "The Pedersen Kid," does Gass develop a sense of exigency of plot and adventure. There are murders, and there is the complication of family, and there is an Oedipal conflict. But then the kid who is the protagonist and the teller of the tale is from the beginning so shocked into a numbness that, once again, there is little nexus of character and event. In just one instance, the title story, does Gass seem to sense a problem in locating the reality from which symbols are to be derived. It is a tale about a man recovering from a love affair, written in the form of a series of diary reflections. But then the form itself allows for escape at every juncture. The pages of the diary are only loosely interconnected. Every entry is another subject, another entry, carried to the point only of another epiphany.

The mode of this writing is poetical and impressive, but it does not yet have the conviction of prose.

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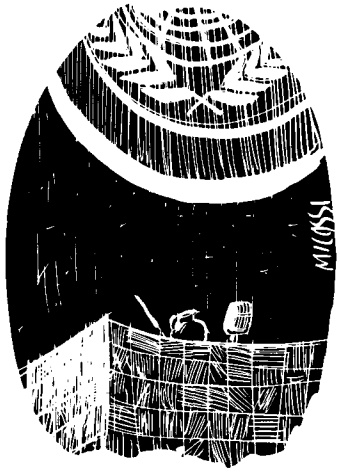

Throwing Stones

ANNE FREMANTLE

PEOPLE IN GLASS HOUSES, by Shirley Hazzard. *Knopf. $4.95.*

The fading light of human devotion illumines a sequence of mankind's past and present Sacred Cows. The procession begins with religion, then the family can be seen, followed by patriotism, academia, science, art. Now, for the liberal establishment at least, and for vast numbers of the adolescent masses, there is one Cow Sacred above all: the international Organization, commonly referred to as the "last, best hope of man." It is about this currently Most Holy Object—called by those who work for it simply "The Organization," or in moments of rare intimacy "this House"—that Shirley Hazzard has written eight stories, all of which first appeared in the *New Yorker*. These are devastating exposés, more horridly revealing of humanity's collective ego than any merely pornographic snapshots of a specific cabinet minister or some revered public figure could be.

Shirley Hazzard herself worked for ten years in the United Nations Secretariat, and thus knows intimately whereof she writes. She evidently did not miss a single moment of saccharine, a single cliché, during her decade: not one of her characters fumbles a single platitude. Because, alas, the Organization is

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indeed mankind's last hope, Miss Hazzard is savagely outraged that it is not also its best. Thus she finds it hard to accept the fact that it is not at the least better.

So she shows just how human beings blight and spoil everything they touch, not only the Organization's high aims but their own frail virtues, and, above all, each other. Good will lying about in unleavened lumps can be, she demonstrates, more perilous than any other booby trap, and Satan's chief activity is not as the principle of evil but as the waster of virtue—of every virtue. By a strange reversal of the Heisenberg uncertainty principle that yet somehow emphasizes its truth, she shows how individuals in our bureaucracies may act unpredictably, may even remain individuals, but will, since members of the Secretariat behave only as do all the others, rush lemminglike to lose sense and sensitivity in a morass of documents, files, mimeographed papers, and In and Out trays.

FOR ONE EXAMPLE, there is the horrendous Bekkus. Lidia, of English and Russian parentage, fair-haired, slender and not given to discussing her work out of office hours, calls him a "dreary man." Algie, fat, unpunctual, whose health and girth had suffered in the exercise of a great capacity for life, agrees: "A bit boring." Bekkus, one of the grayer characters—for as in the dark all cats are gray, so in the Organization are all individuals—fires Algie, and wastes "half an hour this morning trying to tell a staff member... what she could easily have found out from reading the Staff Regulations"—that, although she had for X number of years been doing the work of a Specialized post, there was not the faintest hope of her being upgraded from Subsidiary C. Bekkus occurs in several of the stories, and his silliness and insensibility constitute his pathos. Indeed, Swoboda, a displaced Slav, who worked for Bekkus, and who, being a local recruit, was paid less than the others, was sorry for his boss: "a foolish man, a small, ignorant and pretentious man." Bekkus surmises that Swoboda "does not communicate fully"—his own child, aged two, already "verbalizes."

For four years Swoboda suffers Bekkus to blight his life. Then he gets a transfer, and blossoms among friends, with a new boss, a "truly higher official." Rodriguez-O'Hearn had "a mind of uncommon scope and flexibility. He was humorous, compassionate and incorruptible." Within the limits of what was possible within the Organization, he was even "a cultivated man." Yet he treats Swoboda no differently from the odious Bekkus, does not recommend him for deserved promotion, mouths the same patent hypocrisies to comfort him: "Of course . . . this doesn't mean anything more than postponement." Swoboda feels the familiar feelings he had so often felt for Bekkus. "The fact was that he pitied Mr. Patricio Rodriguez-O'Hearn. He pitied him with all his heart." Miss Hazzard comments: "It was nothing short of tragic."

Nor is it short of tragic when the Director-General, departing from his prepared text when addressing hundreds of uplifted faces on Staff Day, quotes a song from his country: "Will the flowers of joy ever equal the flowers of sorrow?" and everyone disapproves. Even Miss Kingslake, who found the D-G's interpretation of the song and "all that stuff about one's integrity a bit Nordic." Her companion at lunch in the staff cafeteria, who had once wanted to kiss her outside the Down elevators, gently corrects her: "I think he said '*secret* integrity.'" But they will check with the official records to make sure.

IT IS ALSO nothing short of tragic that Achilles Pylos, an unknown Greek, hired because other candidates had fallen ill or were of the wrong nationality, dismissed the painstaking Ashmole-Brown and persuaded the overworked Choudhury to remain unpromoted. But in a tussle with his battle-ax of a secretary, Pylos consigns her (who had consigned many to Kabul) to Central America. Thereafter he "walked as if he were bending over backwards."

The saddest story of all is "Official Life," wherein Olaf Jaspersen, who late in life had fallen in love with the Organization, suddenly felt a twinge of depression at a meeting "twenty feet underground, in filtered air and fluorescent light, amid the aspirations ratified by one hundred member nations." The first symptom, possibly, of a doubt, of a capacity to wonder, not yet "What will become of me?," much less the more terrible question "What has become of me?," but whether it were possible one might be mistaken. Olaf Jaspersen had joined the staff "because he believed sincerely, even passionately, in the importance of the Organization. . . . He held, no doubt correctly, that the dissolution of the Organization would be calamitous for the human race." However, were humanity to survive the failure of the Organization, he would regard it "as a piece of downright impertinence."

Miss Kingslake, too, feeling herself on a mission—"in however modest a degree, the instrument of a great cause and even venturing to herself the word handmaiden"—is faced with a moment of doubt when, after having been harangued by various officials in identical rhetorical terms, she is told to take a letter for today's pouch, with just one flimsy. She poised her pencil. "Dearest Mom," her boss dictates.

THE TARGETS of Miss Hazzard's criticism vary from the more trivial lapses from taste or discipline such as this to the most deeply serious. Very occasionally she permits herself a faint cheer:

"From the windows, which were vast and clean, one looked on to a wide river. . . . Oceans and rivers with their simple and traditional associations of purification and continuity are excellent things to have outside office windows, and in this case helped in some measure to express that much misrepresented, highly commendable and largely unachieved thing—the aim of the Organization."

This is perhaps the nearest she comes to admit that there may be, in the imperfect Organization as in imperfectible humanity, traces, however "faint and broken," as Newman wrote, "of a superimpending design." Which, like the human skeleton, can be seen only by X rays, or after death.

With wit, with scathing clarity and great concern, Miss Hazzard has exposed the true lineaments of international bureaucracy.

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 191

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.

A
124 134 7 104 42 168 74 54
174 212 Popular relish (4,6).

B
36 142 214 10 68 170 182 108
84 148 92 158 How to succeed when you have no scruples (3,3,3,3).

C
188 32 110 164 216 56 Excusable.

D
206 208 222 172 72 18 130 First son of Abraham.

E
154 24 2 122 "It is a capital mistake to theorize before one has——." Doyle, "Scandal in Bohemia."

F
64 178 90 192 Pity.

G
194 116 176 218 44 126 Equip.

H
26 184 100 48 8 150 "Out of the little ——— I burst, / Into the fresh night-air again." Browning, "Christmas Eve."

I
94 219 38 140 "To ——— an incommunicable sleep." Wordsworth, "The Affliction of Margaret."

J
58 62 46 136 224 An official garment for the High Priest.

K
200 4 166 220 50 132 70 "John Richard William Alexander Dwyer / Was——— to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire." Horatio Smith, "The Theatre."

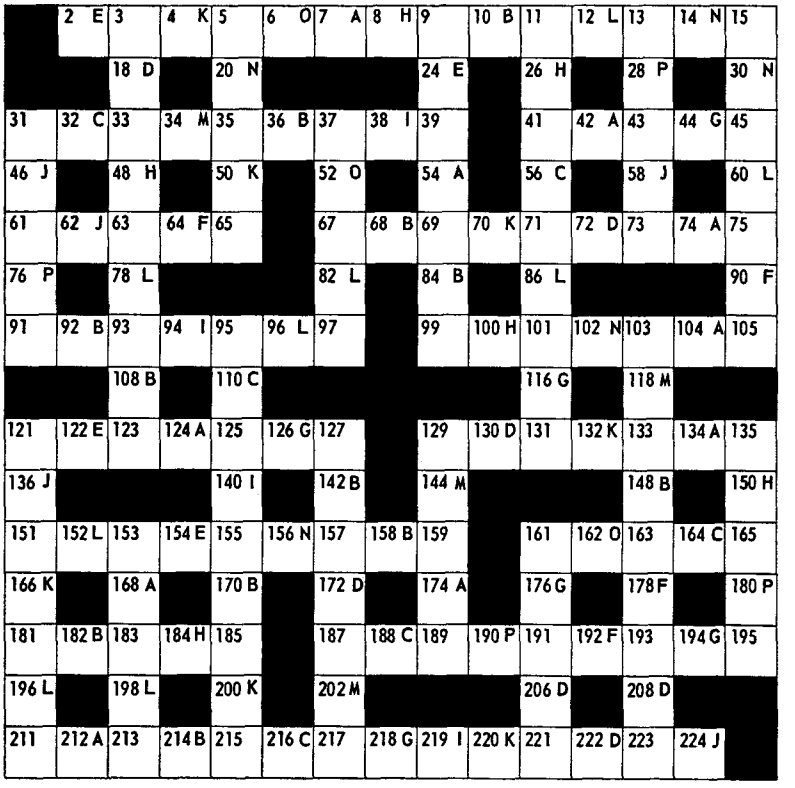
L
152 78 12 60 198 96 196 82 86 Among ourselves (5,4).

M
34 118 202 144 "And he sat him down in a lonely place, / And chanted a melody—— and sweet." Tennyson, "The Poet's Song."

N
20 30 156 102 14 Composer of "The Count of Luxemburg."

O
52 6 162 "Land of Heart's Desire, / Where beauty has no———." Yeats, "The Land of Heart's Desire."

P
190 180 28 76 "How much a dunce that has been sent to——— / Excels a dunce that has been kept at home." Cowper, "Progress of Error."



ACROSS

2. Where a disturber may like to fish if there's a tempest at sea (8,6).
31. 121 down, for instance, or one who applies a preservative? (3,6).
41. Kind of nerve one reads about in Coptic inscriptions.
61. Works of Pope, Raleigh, Swift, et al.
67. But the farm building doesn't caper at the party! (4,5).
91. Activity of the Acrostician.
99. But such a handcuff may be used on a woman, too.
121. A kind of trust that's not quite adamant.
129. Is this country a banal one?
151. Help, but don't let the wrist go too! (4,1,4).
161. How the kettle may be when you bail nothing.
181. Call the astronomer by his first name in pretty Choiseul.
187. Toss too far and bring down.
211. Brought from a great distance? It's hard to believe! (4,3-7).

DOWN

3. Flag of 31 across? (3,6).
5. Can all these scholars get on a mule?
9. Caribbean beverage for consumption at night? (4,3).
11. A cut with an icicle? (1,4,4).
13. Consumed some of the beaten biscuits.
15. Hide away. It's more than a secret.
31. Kind of prism that sounds like part of 9 down.
37. Get rid of snoopers and don't budge. (Not in Webster, but much in use.)
95. When to pick up winnings—it's the showdown (2,1,3-3).
103. A serving of food in prison or a meeting place?
121. He has a mighty potent cocktail!
127. Fascinate with our name (Brit. sp.).
129. Stir up when the clergyman falls in the beverage.
135. Permit everyone to shout with pain?
153. More pleasant in ethnic eras, perhaps.
161. It pertains to the Greek I keep upstairs.

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